THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Hibernian Knights, Uniformed Rank, Suggested for Division No. 12 of the Ancient Order In This City.

Visit of County President Henely to Louisville, Ky.—Hibernianism in New Hampshire—Noble Work By National President O'Connor.

We go to press before the date of the entertainment of Div. 12, or else a very interesting item would be added to our week's report. Judging from the programme published in our issue of last week the event will be a treat worthy of its promoters. The progress of Div. 12 has been one of pride and honor to the excellent and able members who are prominent in its management. Brother J. F. Conroy, Rev. Father Crimmins, P. B. Flanagan, M. Corcoran, M. Finnegan and F. Morgan are gentlemen whose experience and standing in the Order is a guarantee of the success of any division they are connected with. I am somewhat surprised that No. 12 does not organize a company of the Hibernian Knights, considering it has among its membership Capt. John P. Casey, of the Clan na Gael Guards, whose company is said to be the best equipped of the well-drilled battalions which are under the command of Major J. P. Reilly. Those military brothers of experience can do much to increase interest in our uniform rank, and I believe they but wait the suggestion to give willing help.

Div. 17, the "conservative" division, extends an invitation to a "smoke talk" on Wednesday, Nov. 4. The election fever will have passed the crisis by that time and a large attendance may be expected. The programme will certainly be enjoyable, as the local talent of No. 17 is of a superior order, and as it is the division which numbers among its officers our worthy County President it would be a kindly compliment to that able official to make it a point to have a large attendance.

Div. 11 intends to extend the hospitalities to all comers inside our ranks on Saturday, Nov. 14. I think there is no comment needed to induce attendance further than that the committee of arrangements includes Brothers M. E. Lynch, J. F. Walsh, D. Kirby, and Miles McFadden. There's volumes of suggestive comfort in these names, who are said to be "par excellence" the best caterers in divisions of the county.

Div. 19 celebrates on the 12th of November. There are no more earnest workers in the Order than the brothers of No. 19. The hall is spacious and their splendid gathering last spring promises well for the approaching event. It is a duty to give their fraternal invitation the attention it deserves, and the South Side should be in evidence in large numbers.

County President Henely dropped in on Div. 3, of Louisville, Ky., last week, while on a visit to the Buckeye State. He reports good attendance and excellent discipline. If the Kentuckians can show a record equal to that of our own county we heartily congratulate them, if not, we humbly urge attention to our example and invite friendly rivalry.

I have before me another copy of the Emerald, of Manchester, N. H. Our able and interesting contemporary reports that Div. 1, of Nashua, intends to hold a bazaar, or fair, to replenish the treasury, and all the divisions of the neighboring towns are lending a helping hand, even going to the extent of securing special trains to take divisions and their friends during the week the fair will be open, not only from New Hampshire, but from Lowell, Mass. To use a vulgar phrase this will be an "eye opener" to our local friends.

Our friends in Cook county would probably get a fit of apoplexy if some foolhardy individual proposed an enterprise on the scale adopted and carried out to a complete success, socially and financially, by the A. O. H. of Nashua, a town numbering less than 20,000 inhabitants. But wait awhile, the wheel of time turns slowly, perhaps, but it turns.

On Wednesday, Oct. 21, the $50,000, donated by our Noble Order to found a Gaelic chair in the Catholic university at Washington, was presented by the national president, P. J. O'Connor, of Georgia, and accepted on behalf of the institution by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, chancellor of the university. The addresses of National President O'Connor and National Vice-President Weadock were masterly efforts of orators and scholars worthy to represent our great society. The work is finished, and the thanks of the membership are due to our national president, to whose energy, patriotism and devotion is due the accomplishment of the arduous task. Long will his name be revered for his noble discharge of onerous duty, and a grateful Order will ever associate with this golden epoch of our society's history, the fame of our respected and honored national president, P. J. O'Connor, of Georgia. MOR.

Faugh-a-Ballagh Football Club.

The Faugh-a-ballagh Football club, the latest addition to the Gaelic Athletic Association, gave their first annual ball last Saturday night at Sivore's hall, Forty-third and State streets, and proved to be a great success, both socially and financially. The management, under President William Dwyer, was faultless, and everything passed off with such satisfaction to all that it reflects great credit on the newly-organized team.

CANDIDATES FOR STATE OFFICES.

Hon. John P. Altgeld.

Like his gubernatorial rival, Mr. Tanner, the Hon. John P. Altgeld served in the Union army as a private soldier, having enlisted in the 163rd Ohio Volunteer infantry when only a boy in years. He took part with his regiment in the final campaign of the war for the Union. For three years after the war closed, he lived in Mansfield, O., near which town his father had a farm, and devoted himself alternately to teaching school, working on the farm and studying for the bar. He next went to St. Louis, where he read law more systematically. Afterward he studied and graduated at Savanna, Mo., and, in 1874, was elected prosecuting attorney for Andrew county, in that State. In the fall of that year he resigned his office and came to Chicago, which has since been his home. For several years he pursued his profession with success, and, in 1886, without solicitation, was elected one of the judges of the Superior court of Cook county. A great pressure of private business compelled him to resign the office in August, 1891. He was nominated for Governor by the Democrats in 1892, and was elected by over 20,000 majority—a great personal as well as political triumph in a State which used to give from 25,000 to 50,000 Republican majority. He has been the author of several vigorous books on social and political questions. Gov. Altgeld's relations with the Irish-Americans of this city and State have been always friendly, and his just action in permitting the mustering into the State service of the Seventh (Irish) regiment, after a Republican governor had declined to do so, has made him thousands of staunch friends among Irish-Americans of all parties. He is still in the prime of life, and is as well known to the people of two hemispheres as either of the presidential candidates.

Monroe C. Crawford,

Candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was born in Franklin county, Illinois. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 110th Regiment Illinois volunteers. After the war he moved to Jonesboro, Union county, where he has since resided. He is a lawyer by profession, and has been on the bench, county and circuit, for more than twenty-two years. He was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, June 23, 1896, by the Democratic Convention at Peoria. He has been a life-long Democrat. Judge Crawford is a successful man of affairs. He presided over the convention of 1884, which nominated Carter H. Harrison for governor, and was one of his most ardent supporters. He also presided over the silver convention of 1895. As a presiding officer he is the peer of any man in the state.

Edward C. Pace,

Candidate for State Treasurer, was born in Mt. Vernon, Ill. His father, Joseph Pace, settled at Mt. Vernon in 1818. In 1851, Edward C. Pace moved to Ashley, and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1876 he became interested in the Centennial Bank of Ashley. He was elected member of the State Board of Equalization in 1884, and a mmember of the Board of Agriculture in 1888. He was candidate for Elector in 1888. Mr. Pace is a successful business man, with an extensive acquaintance in every county in the state.

George A. Trude,

Candidate for Attorney-General, was born in Lockport, N. Y. He has been a resident of the city of Chicago for twenty years, and received his education in this city. He was admitted to practice law as soon as he arrived at his majority, and has been in active practice and universally successful since that time. Mr. Trude served three years as City Attorney of Chicago, partly by appointment to fill an unexpired term, and was elected with Carter Harrison the last time he ran for office, running 2,700 votes ahead of Mr. Harrison. He was unanimously nominated by his party for re-election in 1895, at which election he ran 23,000 ahead of his ticket. His administration of the office was admitted to be most economical, and the least number of judgments were rendered against the city in comparison with the volume of business handled. It was his aim while in office to present honest claims to the finance committee for adjustment so that the poor people entitled to the benefits therefrom be put to little or no expense.

The University Trustees.

Richard P. Morgan, who is a candidate for re-election as Trustee of Illinois University, was elected to the same office in 1890. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1828, and is a civil engineer by profession. He moved to Illinois in 1846, and engaged in the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal. He constructed the Chicago & Alton railroad, and was its first general manager. Recently Mr. Morgan was appointed by the Secretary of the Navy as one of the Commissioners to locate a deep water harbor on the Pacific coast. He has resided in Dwight, Ill., since 1854.

Julia Holmes Smith, is a woman of energy and force of character. She is well informed upon educational subjects, having made them the study of her life. She takes a deep interest in everything pertaining to education; was elected Trustee in 1890, and is a candidate for re-election. Her residence is Chicago.

Nelson W. Graham, of Carbondale, Ill., is one of the leading business men in Southern Illinois. He owns and controls extensive flouring mills in that section of the state. He was elected Trustee in 1890.

DEATH OF FATHER PETER AMBROSE McKENNA.

The sad news came, after the Pilot had gone to press last week, that the Rev. Peter A. McKenna, the beloved rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro, Mass., died on the 13th inst., after a painful illness of several weeks. Father McKenna was in the prime of life when called so early to his reward. He was born in Boston on Oct. 11, 1846. He early realized his vocation to the priesthood. His classical course was made at Holy Cross college, Worcester; his theological studies at St. Sulpice, Paris. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1870.

On his return to the diocese of Boston he was appointed assistant at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro, remaining in that position five years and a half. He was then placed in pastoral charge of St. Michael's church, Hudson. Ten years later he returned to Marlboro, as rector of the Immaculate Conception and there remained until his death. He enlarged and beautified the church, built a rectory, improved the Catholic cemetery; and, in word, cared faithfully for the interests confided to him, both on the material and spiritual side. His work for temperance, and his interest in the cause of Irish home rule, with his unusual gifts as a public speaker, gave him a national reputation.

Father McKenna's health, always apparently of the best, began to fail a few months ago. Change of air effected no improvement, and he came home to prepare for the supreme hour, bearing his painful illness like a brave man and a true priest. The Revs. J. T. O'Brien and J. P. Sullivan, his assistants, were a great comfort to him by their care for him and for the parish. His death bereaves a much-loved mother, Mrs. Ellen McKenna, and two sisters, Mrs. Ellen A. McDermott, of Marlboro, and Mrs. P. A. McVicker, of Holliston. The remains lay in state in the Church of the Immaculate Conception from 2 p. m. Thursday till the funeral Friday morning, and were visited by thousands of sorrowing friends and parishioners.

Many masses were celebrated for the departed priest before the funeral mass at 10 a. m. Archbishop Williams was present, with the Very Rev. John Hogan, S.S. D.D., president of the seminary, and many other priests from Boston and various parts of New England. Many Protestant clergymen also attended the obsequies, as did Mayor Bartlett and the members of the city government. The Revs. Edward J. Moriarty, of Concord, and C. W. Regan, of Gloucester, were the chanters of the office of the dead. The solemn mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rt.-Rev. Mgr. Thomas Magennis, Jamaica Plain, the Revs. J. E. Millerick, Wakefield, deacon; Thomas F. Cusack, Hudson, sub-deacon; Louis F. Walsh, St. John's seminary, Brighton, first master of ceremonies; James Galvin, East Douglas, second master of ceremonies. The eulogy was preached by the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester.—Boston Pilot.

HYMENEAL.

QUILL—BREMNER.

Miss Isabella Bremner, the youngest daughter of Mrs. B. Bremner, No. 4442 Ellis avenue, and Mr. M. J. Quill, of Cincinnati, O., were united in marriage this week by the Rev. Father Tighe, at the Church of the Holy Angels. The happy couple, to whom THE CITIZEN extends its sincerest congratulations, will reside in Cincinnati.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. W. MURPHY.

Mr. J. W. Murphy, deputy inspector of customs for twelve years past, died at his home, 464 West Ohio street, at 6 o'clock last Friday night week, after an illness of only a few hours. He arrived home at noon, and shortly afterward had a hemorrhage of the lungs that caused his death. Mr. Murphy was one of the most active politicians in the eleventh ward. During the World's Fair he inspected all excursion boats carrying passengers from the down town docks to the grounds. Through his energy overloading was prevented, and no accidents occurred. For the care he exercised in this respect he was complimented by Secretary Carlisle. He also had charge of the foreign exhibits at the Atlanta exposition. His funeral occurred Sunday at 1 o'Clock, from St. Columbkill's church. Mr. Murphy was 35 years old and unmarried.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

HON. CHARLES W. WOODMAN,

Candidate for Congress from the Fourth District of Illinois, Comprising the 8th, 9th, 12th and 19th Wards.

The Best Congressman Chicago Has Had in Years. Faithful, Energetic, Broad and Patriotic, He Takes a Leading Place Among the Statesmen of Today.

Hon. Charles W. Woodman has the distinction of representing one of the most important congressional districts in the country, and that he has reflected credit on his constituency is proven by the Congressional Record of the first term of the present Congress, of which he is a conspicuous member. His public services, during the period named, have proved his fitness for the honor conferred upon him two years ago, and his right to a continuance of favor from his constituents. Congressman Woodman is well equipped for his duties in the National Legislature by years of mental training in public service and close study of public affairs.

As a justice of the peace on the West Side for twelve years he gave perfect satisfaction. It would be difficult to find a man with a cleaner or better record than his. When a pessimist goes snarling around about the failure of republican government in America, and runs up against Mr. Woodman and a few others like him, the wind suddenly deserts his sails, and leaves them flapping idly. No popular government can be a failure where such patriots as he are found in any considerable number.

THE REASONS WHY CONGRESSMAN WOODMAN WITHDREW FROM THE CONVENTION.

The leading question for the voters of the Fourth Congressional district to ponder from now till election day is, whether they are willing to surrender their manhood and become the tools of a treacherous political machine, or whether they propose to resent the attempt to purchase and sell their votes.

The causes leading to the withdrawal of Hon. Charles W. Woodman from the Fourth District Republican Convention may be briefly stated. When the call for the convention was made, Congressman Woodman was in Washington attending to his official duties. Just at the time when he was to have started for home to take part in the campaign the Competitor, a vessel engaged in carrying supplies to the Cubans, was captured, and with it three American newspaper men, one of them—Millon—from Chicago, who were on board as passengers.

These men were taken to Havana, confined in Moro Castle, and tried by court martial. They were sentenced to death—by the garrote.

Mr. Woodman at once interested himself in their behalf and after three days of constant hard work—on the day before the morning set for the execution, the president was induced to send a cablegram to the Queen Regent of Spain, demanding—under the treaty—that the execution be suspended and the men given a fair trial by the civil courts. This demand was granted and the men still live, awaiting trial.

The day that information was received that the Queen Regent had suspended the execution, "for reasons of state," the veto of the river and harbor bill was sent to Congress by the President, and an attempt made to kill it by defeating a motion to pass it over the veto. By the activity of Mr. Woodman and others the scheme failed. The bill and veto were referred to the committee, who reported it three days after, giving time to call absentees from all over the country, and the bill was then passed over the president's veto. It carried an appropriation of $700,000 for the Chicago river. Next day Mr. Woodman came home to find that the worst of political crimes ever known had been committee and that he had been the victim

WHAT CONGRESSMAN WOODMAN HAS DONE.

Following are the titles and nature of some of the bills and resolutions which Mr. Woodman introduced during the first term of his service in Congress:

A resolution, which resulted in the release of John L. Waller, ex-U. S. consul in Madagascar, from an unjust confinement in a French prison.

A resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban Republic, the substance of which was carried almost unanimously.

A bill granting a pension to the widow of Samuel W. Kenney. (Samuel W. Kenney, although not an enlisted man, was a scout in the employ of Gen. Negley, of the Army of the Cumberland, and was captured by the rebels, tried by a drum-head court martial and hung as a spy. His widow will now receive a pension in a short time; this bill having been passed by the House and approved by the senate committee on pensions.)

A bill to provide coast defenses for the sea and lake ports of the United States. (The general features and purposes of this bill were incorporated in the appropriation bill, and it is now a law.)

A bill to regulate the manning of vessels on the great lakes.

A bill to establish a channel from a point on the north branch to Lake Michigan, near Grosse Point.

A bill to correct the military record of Capt. Alex. McDonald. (Capt. McDonald was dishonorably discharged by mistake.)

A bill for the protection of persons who may be considered insane, providing for a trial by jury in all such cases.

A bill to regulate instructions to juries in United States courts.

A resolution for the appointment of a committee to investigate infractions of the civil service law (this was specially intended to apply to the letter carriers and others discharged under the "spotter system" on the ground that the "spotters" required more watching than regular employes who were working among their acquaintances.) The system was finally knocked out, largely by his efforts in defeating an appropriation for its support.

In all his work, Congressman Woodman has indicated a broad statesmanship, a thorough knowledge of public affairs, and a degree of energy which has placed him foremost among the "first term" members of Congress. He is in a position now to be of more benefit to the people of his district and to the public than any other man whose name will be on the ballot for that office.

Look for his name in the right hand column on the ticket.

SAMUEL B. CHASE,
Candidate for Recorder of Cook County.

Samuel B. Chase, Recorder of Cook County, was born in Rochester, N. Y., March 7, 1844, making him now 52 years of age. He came West Sept. 1, 1851, and went to live on a farm in Du Page County, where he lived until the breaking out of the war. He afterward entered mercantile life, engaging in the commission business on South Water street, and continued in this line until elected Assessor for the North Town in 1878.

Mr. Chase enlisted in the army of the union on July 14, 1862, as a private in Company B, 105th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Having served for thirty-five months as a private soldier, he received an honorable discharge at the close of the war.

He became a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in May, 1883, and April 13, 1886, took a transfer to W. S. Hancock Post No. 560, Department of Illinois, and on December 14, 1886, was elected as Post Commander.

He was also in the 20th Corps (in Ex-President Harrison's Brigade) in Sherman's famous "March to the Sea."

Mr. Chase was elected to the office of Recorder in November, 1892, and has won for himself many friends among the members of the Real Estate Board, Bar, and the general public, on account of the business like and efficient manner in which he has conducted the duties and responsibilities of the office.

Mr. Chase is a prominent member of many social, benevolent and political organizations, in all of which he is held in the highest respect. His purse is always open to aid any good cause, and no worthy object appeals to him in vain.

Mr. Chase has been renominated for the position he now holds by the Democratic party, and also has received the endorsement of the Peoples' party. He is deserving of the consideration and support of every voter who desires to have competent and faithful men in office, his splendid fight for the Torrens system of registering deeds commends him to the people of Cook County.

If elected Mr. Chase will conduct the affairs of his office in the same conservative and economical manner as in the past four years. There is no more liberal or genial American living than "Honest Sam Chase," and he has the good will of men of all shades of political opinion.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORRON, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

BRAIN AT A FEAST.

Remarkable Gathering at the Princeton Banquet.

MANY EDUCATORS AT THE BOARD.

Great Universities of the World Represented—President Cleveland Makes the Speech of His Life, But Declines a Collegiate Honor Offered Him—A True Feast of Reason in the Historic Halls—Close of the Sesqui-Centennial.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 23.—The history of Princeton during the past three days will be a part of the history of the United States. Primarily the event was the celebration of the university's sesqui-centennial. Historically it was a congress of nations formed by the best brains of those nations. Learned savants from the shores of France; renowned scholars from metaphysical old Germany; living personifications of the centuries of lore embraced within the walls of ancient Oxford—touched elbow to elbow and drank toasts together. Prominent among all stood the chief executive of this nation—President Cleveland. Necessarily the president was the main speaker of the day, and nearly every man here is saying he made the oratorial effort of his life. He spoke in Alexandria Hall to an audience comprising representatives of nearly every great institution of learning in the world, and men of mark in other walks of life.

College Yell for Mrs. Cleveland.

His theme was the duties and responsibilities that college men and educated men generally owe to the cause of good government. He spoke without any effort at oratorial effect, and with very little emphasis even, but the points in his address were quickly grasped by his hearers and he was frequently interrupted by hearty hand-clapping and cries of "Good, good" from the platform and body of the house. On each occasion of this sort the great crowd of students in the balcony yelled "Cleveland, Cleveland, Cleveland." He spoke for a half hour, and when he concluded the exhibition of enthusiasm was remarkable. Cheer upon cheer was given with hearty good will, and as a wind up the college yell was given for Mrs. Cleveland. She occupied a chair in the front row of the seats facing the benches on which the university delegates sat, and the unexpected attention of the students caused all eyes to turn in her direction.

The Tenor of His Address.

The tenor of the president's address is fairly given in the following extracts: "There are those here," said the president, "not of the family of Princeton, who see, with an interest not to be outdone, the signs of her triumphs on the fields of higher education, and the parts she has taken during her long and glorious career in the elevation and betterment of a great people. Obviously a government resting upon the will and universal suffrage of the people has no anchors except in the people's intelligence. The advantages of a collegiate education are by no means necessary [illegible] yet the college graduate, from everywhere, can not smother his opportunities to teach his fellow-countrymen and influence them for good, nor hide his talents in a napkin, without recreancy to a trust."

He referred to politics in urging college men to proclaim that natural laws (meaning the laws of supply and demand, etc.) are beyond political control and to cry out against the infliction on the nation of "this treacherous and fatal wound"—national dishonor. During his close he said: "I am certain that a more constant and active participation in political affairs on the part of our men of education would be of the greatest possible value to our country. I would have colleges not only counselors of those sent out by our universities and their fellow-countrymen, but the tribunes of the people—fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every untoward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare."

BANQUET CLOSES THE FESTIVAL.

Eminent Men in Educational Circles Seated at the Board.

All present joined in the applause and as Cleveland caught his wife's eye he gave her an approving smile, receiving one from her in return. The great three days' celebration closed last night with a banquet in assembly hall, given to the university delegates. There were present more than 300 persons. Probably never before in the history of the country has such a gathering of renowned men been seated around the same board. It was an international assemblage, and included the most eminent educators of the time on both sides of the Atlantic. C. E. Green, president of the board of trustees of Princeton University, presided. On either side of him sat Governor Griggs and Francis L. Patton, president of the university. The other seats at the main table were occupied by Professors Edward Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin; Henri Moissran, of the Paris Academy of Science; Rev. George P. Fisher, of Yale; President Seth Low, of Columbia; William R. Harper, of Chicago University; A. A. W. Hubrecht, of Utrecht University; Professor Goldwin Smith, of Oxford; President Eliot, of Harvard; FelixKlein, of Gottingen; President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins; President Angell, of Ann Arbor; Andrew Seth, of the University of Edinburgh, and Judge William B. Hornblower.

At the conclusion of the conferring of the degrees during the day Dr. Patton said: "It was our hearty desire to confer still another degree on this occasion, but the distinguished gentleman on whom we proposed to bestow the honor has seen fit to use the sovereign power of the people which he represents, in the interests of his own modesty. [Laughter, in which Mr. Cleveland joined.] There is nothing left for us to do but to regard his wishes as a command. It would have pleased us to honor ourselves in honoring the chief magistrate of our country, and to have publicly expressed our appreciation of his public services and strong patriotic position in this hour of his nation's trial." [Great cheering.]

CAUSE OF THE RISE IN WHEAT.

Dun Says It Is Based on an Extraordinary Foreign Demand.

New York, Oct. 24.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The event of the week has been the sensational advance of wheat to 88 cents for cash on Tuesday, a rise of 5½ cents, and its fall to 79 on Thursday, gaining 1¾ on Friday. The rise was magnified by covering of speculative sellers who imagined the advance had gone too far, but was at the bottom based on the extraordinary foreign demand which has engaged grain vessels from all Pacific as well as Atlantic ports for months ahead. How great the shortage in ordinary European supplies may be is the point of doubt and speculation.

But none now question that shipments from the Pacific coast to India and the decrease in the Russian yield are important, and the buying of enormous quantities for export, with engagements of freight room at higher rates, express the belief of European dealers. The most striking feature of industrial returns is the number of contracts conditioned upon the election. These already are enough to make business rather lively for a time, and many others are pending which will probably be held back until Nov. 1. The buying of materials not only advances prices but induces larger purchases of the finished products without conditions.

All markets are strong for pig iron, but not for finished products. But the tone of the market is better, and a decided increase of orders appears in plates, about 3,000 tons for building vessels on the lakes and in structural work at the west, owing to contracts taken at Chicago for buildings at Boston, Toronto, Detroit and Minneapolis.

Failures for the week have been 274 in the United States against 281 last year, and 60 in Canada against 38 last year.

FATAL FLAMES AT BROOKLYN.

One Life Lost, Several Hurt and a Property Loss of $250,000.

New York, Oct. 23.—A disastrous fire occurred in Brooklyn last night which resulted in the loss of one life, the injury of several persons and the destruction of property amounting to about $250,000. The five-story brick factory building situated on Seventh street, between Second and Third avenues, was totally destroyed. A large quantity of paints and oils and other inflammable material was stored in the building, and it is believed the fire originated in this section. In a very few minutes the entire structure was ablaze.

It was shortly after the fire began that Alfred Beaumon, a fireman attached to engine No. 29, with the assistance of Foreman Bixby and Fireman Quigley, was carrying a hose through the extension when they were caught in a back draught. Bixby and Quigley managed to gain the street, but Beaumon was unable to do so. A rescuing party consisting of James J. Ryan, assistant foreman of truck No. 1, and Franklin Furguson and Louis Blair, of engine company No. 5, attempted to make their way through the burning ruins. They were all severely burned, but managed to reach Beaumon, who, however, had been burned to death.

PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

The Bishop of London Named as Successor to Archbishop Benson.

London, Oct. 26.—The Rt. Rev. Frederick Temple, bishop of London, has been appointed archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England in succession to to the late Most Rev. Edward White Benson. The new primate is the son of an officer in the army, born Nov. 30, 1821; was educated at the grammar school at Tiverton, and proceeding to Oxford became scholar of Baliol college, taking his degree of B. A. in 1842. He was elected fellow and mathematical tutor of his college, and having been ordained in 1846 was appointed principal of the training college at Kneller hall, near Twickenham, in 1848.

Dr. Temple received episcopal consecration at Westminster, Dec. 21, 1858, together with the bishops-elect of Bath and Wells, and of the Falkland islands. Dr. Temple published "Sermons Preached at Rugby Chapel in 1858-60," in 1861. In April, 1853, he was elected Bampton lecturer at Oxford for the ensuing year. On the death of Dr. Jackson in January, 1885, Dr. Temple was appointed bishop of London and was succeeded at Exeter by Dr. Bickersteth.

Death for Fight.

St. Louis, Oct. 26.—Shortly before 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon two passenger trains on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, going in opposite directions, collided nearly opposite Windsor Station, about thirteen miles from this city, instantly killing eight persons and injuring over a score, some of them very seriously. The killed are all of St. Louis. Their names are—Adolph Hohl, engineer of the accommodation train; Charles Mobine, Conrad Kuntz, C. C. Blevins, H. Thall; Barney McKenna, in charge of the refreshments; Miss Maud McKenna, aged 14, his daughter; John Cartwright. The collision was between the second section of an excursion train bound west and the 'Frisco Valley Park accommodation.

Saturday's Foot Ball Games.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—The following foot ball games were played by prominent teams Saturday: At Ithaca, N. Y.—Harvard 13, Cornell 4; at New York—Yale 12, Carlisle School Indians 6—Indians surprised the Sons of Eli and came near coming out winners; at Madison, Wis.—Grinnell college 6, State university 54; at Philadelphia—Lafayette 6, Pennsylvania university 4; at Lafayette, Ind.—Ann Arbor 16, Purdue 0; at Indianapolis—Indiana university 22, Indianapolis university 6; at Chicago— Northwestern university 46, Chicago university 6.

The Armenian Immigrant Problem.

New York, Oct. 27.—When the party of 180 Armenians arrived on the Hamburg liner California on Thursday night were taken to Ellis island Sunday they were found to possess an average of $5 each. They were sent to join their countrymen in the detention room, and now Dr. Senner finds himself confronted with a very serious problem. In order to legally land the majority of these persons bonds will be necessary. On the other hand if the bonds are not forthcoming and the Armenians are sent back, Dr. Senner believes it will be almost equivalent to signing their death warrant.

French Statesman Dead.

Paris, Oct. 27.—M. Challemel-Lacour, recently president of the French senate, and formerly ambassador of France to London, and minister for foreign affairs, is dead.

GEORGIA MOURNS.

One of Her Most Distinguished Sons Is Dead.

EX-SPEAKER CRISP PASSES AWAY.

Dies Very Suddenly in a Sanitarium at Atlanta—The Grim Terror Comes at a Moment of Anguish and Soothes Him into the Sleep That Knows no Waking—Columbus Delano, Grant's Secretary of the Interior, Goes Beyond the Veil.

Atlanta, Oct. 24.—Ex-Speaker Crisp is dead. He died at the sanitarium of Dr. Holmes in this city. At 2:15 o'clock p. m. yesterday. Crisp had been an inmate of the sanitarium for several weeks. His condition had been reported as very low, but no fatal conclusion to his illness had been expected so soon. When a rumor got abroa

CHARLES F. CRISP.

several days ago that he was sinking it was vigorously denied at the sanitarium, where it was given out that he was getting better. Mr. Crisp was the choice of the Democrats of Georgia to succeed Senator John B. Gordon in the United States senate and would have been chosen to that position by the legislature at its approaching session had he lived.

Death Came with Intense Pain.

Mr. Crisp had been in intense pain all day. Every few minutes he would suffer greatly. But no danger was feared at such an early moment. His wife, together with a sanitarium nurse Miss Sharp, was watching at his bedside. At about 1:45 o'clock Mr. Crisp was seized with another attack and quite suddenly he passed into the calm of death. The watchers saw it and sent down stairs for Dr. Holmes. Judge Crisp's two daughters, Mrs. Fred Davenport and Miss Bertha Crisp, and his two sons, Charles F. Crisp, Jr., and Fred Crisp, were at the Ballard House on Peach Tree street. They were quickly summoned. When they entered the room Judge Crisp was still conscious. He gave them the look of recognition, breathed a few times and died. He could not speak.

Dread Messenger Comes Quietly.

So quickly had the dread messenger come that the stricken family stood appalled in the death chamber. Mr. Crisp's death, while apparently tha[illegible]was not unexpected by the ph[illegible]who had been watching him, [illegible] declining for several [illegible] ness, however, was occasion[illegible] attack of malarial fever which b[illegible]cted at his home in Americus a few [illegible]ago, but which itself yielded to treatment when he came to Atlanta. He was considered convalescent and only last Sunday had ridden out. But when renewed health seemed in view he was attacked by congestion of the lungs which, added to the weakness of the lungs and heart caused by two previous attacks of pleuro pneumonia, resulted in his death.

Affects the Political Situation.

His untimely death throws the political situation into chaos, and makes the choice of senator a matter of great uncertainty. The legislature is almost unanimously for free silver, however, and whoever is named will be an advocate of that policy. Crisp had been at the Holmes sanitarium five weeks suffering from malarial fever. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure.

He was born in Sheffield, England. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant. After the war he studied law. He accepted the Democratic nomination for congress in 1882. He was elected speaker of the house for the Fifty-second congress and re-elected for the Fifty-third.

Will Be Buried with Honors.

Definite arrangements have not been completed concerning the funeral, but it is understood that his body will ultimately rest at his old home in Americus among the people who loved so well to honor him. Honors befitting the high station Mr. Crisp has occupied in the state and the nation will undoubtedly be paid his memory by the general assembly, which meets next Wednesday.

DEATH OF COLUMBUS DELANO.

Grant's Secretary of the Interior Dies Suddenly at Columbus.

Columbus, O, Oct. 24.—Hon. Columbus Delano, secretary of the interior under Grant, died at 11 a. m. yesterday at Lake Howe, his suburban home near Mount Vernon. He was 87 years old. Mr. Delano died suddenly and unexpectedly. There was no connection between his death and the accident to Mrs. Delano on Sunday. She is at the point of death.

Hon. Columbus Delano was born in Shoreham, Vt., June 5, 1809, and moved to Ohio in 1817. He was educated in the common schools, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1831. He was a delegate in 1860 to the national Republican convention in Chicago, which nominated Lincoln and Hamlin. He was a member of congress from Ohio in 1844, 1864 and 1866. On March 5, 1869, he was appointed by President Grant commissioner of internal revenue, and succeeded Jacob D. Cox as secretary of the interior in October, 1870, where he remained till 1875. He had for many years been one the trustees of Kenyon college, Ohio, which conferred on him the degree of LL. D.

Political Fight Is on Again.

Boston, Oct. 27.—At a meeting of the Democratic state executive committee yesterday a committee appointed to bear the flag of truce to the Bryan-Sewall-Williams faction of the party reported that all overtures had been rejected by George Fred Williams. In view of Williams' position Judge Corcoran, who previously resigned the chairmanship of the state committee in the interest of harmony, has withdrawn his resignation, and a fight which seemed nearly ended is on again.

BATTLE ROYAL WITH THE FLAMES.

Twenty-five Fire Engines Fail to Save $1,500,000 Worth of Property.

Chicago, Oct. 27.—Twenty-five fire engines and two steam fire tugs fought a battle royal with a big blaze on Goose Island at noon yesterday. The Pacific elevators, owned by the Chicago and Pacific Elevator company, were found to be on fire at 11:45 o'clock. The two elevators were destroyed, together with a number of small frame buildings in the immediate vicinity. The loss is estimated at $1,500,000. The locality is as dangerous as could be selected for a big fire. The two Pacific elevators, A and B, were well filled with wheat and of themselves would furnish material for a goodly conflagration. Directly to the north is the Armour elevator, the largest in the world, stocked to the roof with grain.

To the northeast is the immense malting house of Hale & Curtis, while within gunshot lie the coal shed and dock of the Crescent Coal company, stocked with thousands of tons of bituminous coal. Lumber yards in the immediate vicinity offer further material for the spread of a blaze, in addition to which there are any number of frame cottages scattered around. The Pacific elevator was composed of three separate buildings, each six stories in height, and the heat caused by the burning buildings was so intense that the firemen were unable to get within a block of the blaze. P. J. Perry, the grain superintendent of the elevator, said that there was over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat stored in two of the buildings, known as elevators A and B. Superintendent Perry also said the building was valued at $500,000, and is fully covered by insurance.

TYNAN ARRIVES AT NEW YORK.

Makes Remarks Indicating His Contempt for Scotland Yard Sleuths.

New York, Oct. 27.—P. J. Tynan, the alleged "No. 1" of the Phoenix park murderers, was a passenger on the North German Lloyd steamer Saale which arrived last evening from Bremen. He was met by his wife and eight children. Tynan was seen at quarantine. He said that he naturally hesitated to talk for publication, even in this country, as it was possible that any utterance by him might compromise others, and perhaps those who had been kind to him. He refused to discuss the purpose of his visit to Europe, but he emphatically stated that his mission was entirely successful. He ridiculed the reported cleverness of the Scotland Yard detectives, and said he had been under their noses a number of times without being suspected.

He said it was owing to some carelessness while in a certain city that the detectives began to suspect him. He refused to say what city he referred to. His treatment in the French prison was exactly the same as that accorded other prisoners, but he had the privilege of sending to the canteen for his meals. The sub-prefect and all the attaches were very much interested in him, and warmly espoused his cause. In conclusion he said he detested anarchism and did not believe the freedom of Ireland could be gained by anarchistic methods. The day for Ireland's attack on England would soon come.

Iowa Baptist Convention.

Waterloo, Ia., Oct. 23.—At the session of the Baptist state convention Villisca was chosen for the meeting place next year. The officers elected were: President Milton Remley, Iowa City; secretary, E. P. Bartlett, Des Moines.

Will, Did It Destroy the Horse?

Waukon, Ia., Oct. 23.—Fire yesterday destroyed the barns of Postmaster Kelleher and Grocer Hexter. In the former was Maggie N. with a trotting record of 2:16½ and for whom $2,500 had been refused.

Illinois Knights and Ladies of Honor.

Peoria, Ills., Oct. 23.—The grand lodge of Knights and Ladies of Honor has adjourned after choosing Chicago as the place for meeting in 1898.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.

Money on call firm at 6 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 7@9 per cent.; sterling exchange easier, with actual business in bankers' bills at 484¼@484½ for demand and 481¾@481½ for sixty days; posted rates, 482@482½ and 485@486; commercial bills, 479¾.

Silver certificates, 65½; sales, 8,000; bar silver, 65½; Mexican dollars, 50¼.

United States government bonds lower; 4's registered, 116¼; do coupons, 117; 5's registered, 110; do coupons, 111; 4's registered, 107; do. coupons, 108; 2's registered, 93; Pacific 6's of '97, 101.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Oct. 26.

Wheat—Cash white, 77¾c; cash red, 77½c; December, 80¼c; May, 84c.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: October, opened nominal, closed 67¾c; December, opened 70c, closed 70¼c; May, opened 74¾c, closed 75c. Corn—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 24¾c, closed 24¾c; May, opened 28¼c, closed 28¾c. Oats—October, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 18¼c, closed 18½c; May, opened 21¼c, closed 21¾c. Pork—December, opened $7.10, closed $7.05, January, opened $7.87½, closed $7.92½. Lard—December, opened $4.27½, closed $4.32½; January, opened $4.50, closed $4.52½.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery 19c per lb; extra dairy, 17c; fresh packing stock, 7@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 17½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9@9½c per lb; chickens (hens), 6c; spring chickens, 6½c; roosters, 4c; ducks, 7½@8½c; geese, $3.00@3.50. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@22c per bu; Hebron, 19@20c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb; broken combs, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6. Apples—Common to fancy, 60c@$1.75 per bbl.

Chicago Live Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 32,000; sales ranged at $3.50@3.50 pigs, $3.25@3.60 light, $3.05@3.20 rough packing, $3.20@3.60 mixed, and $3.25@3.55 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day; 15,500; quotations ranged at $4.75@5.10 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.35@4.75 good to choice do, $4.00@4.40 fair to good, $3.50@3.95 common to medium do, $3.40@3.80 butchers steers, $2.80@3.80 stockers, $3.35@3.70 feeders, $1.50@3.40 cows, $2.40@3.80 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.60@3.15 Texas steers, $2.90@3.90 western rangers, and $3.00@5.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.10 western, $1.50@2.80 Texans, $1.50@3.20 natives, and $2.75@4.60 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 26.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 67c; No. 1 northern, 70c; December, 69½c. Corn—No. 3, 24½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 19½c; No. 3 do, 17½@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 30c; samples, 24@28c. Rye—No. 1, 35c.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Danville, Ills., Oct. 24.—By a vote of 15 to 8 Rev. Frank B. Vrooman, of Chicago, ceases to be a Presbyterian clergyman. The verdict of the commission of twenty-five, which had been appointed to pass upon the action of the Chicago presbytery after the case had been taken from the judiciary committee, was rendered after a discussion lasting till midnight. The commission found that Mr. Vrooman had expressed his belief in language too sharply conflicting with the doctrinal standards and that the presbytery of Chicago had erred in receiving him.

It directed that body to reverse its action and return Dr. Vrooman's credentials. Dr. Vrooman left the Congregational church to accept a call to Kenwood Presbyterian church. His orthodoxy was questioned, but the Chicago presbytery admitted him last April by a vote of 69 to 28. An appeal was taken to the synod. An appeal may yet be taken to the general assembly. Galesburg, Ills., was selected by the synod as the next place of meeting.

HIS BOMB NOT DANGEROUS.

Emery Powder Mailed to Alexander Carlson Frightens Him.

Chicago, Oct. 23.—A thoroughly frightened man walked slowly into the East Chicago avenue station Thursday morning, carefully carrying an object which he said was a dynamite bomb. The man was Alex Carlson, a tailor living on Larrabee street, and he had just received the object by mail. The alleged bomb was a tin tube about eight inches in length. This was wrapped in two thicknesses of heavy paper. After tearing off the outside wrapper Carlson's fears were realized by what he saw on the inside covering. There was a picture of a skull and cross-bones and the following inscription:

"If nott this time will bee the next."

At one end of the tube was sealing wax and the words "open here." Carlson took the package to the East Chicago avenue station and it was opened by the police. The tube was filled with emery powder and it was perfectly harmless. The police sent the alleged bomb to the postal authorities for further investigation.

Death of General Hunter.

Bloomington, Ills., Oct. 27.—General Morton C. Hunter died Monday morning of paralysis after a week's illness. He was the commander of the Eighty-second Indiana regiment, and became famous at Chickamauga by carrying out General Thomas' orders to hold Snodgrass hill at all hazards. He served in congress four terms, and was a member of the Loyal Legion, G. A. R. and other patriotic organizations. In 1879 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, since which time he has been out of public life. He was chairman of the Indiana Chickamauga Monument association. He was 71 years old.

Prominent Citizen the Suspect.

Carlyle, Ills., Oct. 27.—Sensational developments are expected in the Schiller burglary case at Summerfield, a small town west of here. At present the authorities refuse to divulge the name of thes uspected person, as he is a prominent citizen, and it is feared a mistake may have been made. Mrs. Schiller, a widow, was clubbed into insensibility by burglars, who had entered her house. All her money was then stolen. Bloodhounds put on the trail ran to the residence of a leading citizen. The marshal thought the pups must be mistaken and tried again. They repeated it twice.

Failure at Peoria, Ills.

Peoria, Ills., Oct. 21.—The Moses Conigisky Dry Goods company went into the circuit court and entered confessions of judgment aggregating $58,000. The German National bank of Peoria, $22,224, is the largest creditor. Conigisky says the assets will amount to considerable more. He attributes the failure to inability to borrow more money.

Dubuque Creamery Concern in Trouble.

Dubuque, Ia., Oct. 23.—Haney & Campbell, manufacturers of creamery supplies, have given mortgages to the amount of $32,000 to secure creditors.

State Notes.

Two carloads of white paper will be consumed in printing the Illinois official ballot. In size the ballot will be 21x28 inches.

The grand lodge of Knights of Pythias of Illinois has elected these officers: Grand chancellor, John D. Benedict, Danville; grand keeper of records and seal, H. P. Caldwell, Chicago.

Chairman Morrison, of the interstate commerce commission, has come out against the Democratic state (Illinois) ticket.

CHILIAN CABINET TO RESIGN.

Liberal Deputies Join the Coalition to Sustain Erazuris.

Valparaiso, Oct. 27.—The Mercurio asserts that the danger of an immediate ministerial crisis has subsided, though it is regarded as certain that the cabinet will resign at once upon the assembling of congress Nov. 2. Several Liberal deputies have joined coalition to sustain Errazuris. These members will abstain from voting, but will be present at the sessions and will actively censure the policy pursued by the cabinet. Dissatisfaction is especially felt with reference to the management of the financial question and the alarming rumors which, as alleged, have been spread here and abroad. The ministerial appointments also are far from satisfactory to politicians.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Oct. 26.—The Guayaquil, Ecuador, Oct. 27.—The national convention has ordered that all property confiscated during the revolution be restored. All the banks and the principal business houses of the city have resumed operations.

It Was Some Other Tanner.

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 26.—The Dr. Henry Q. Tanner who is reported to have lost his life in a fire at Akren, O., is not Dr. H. S. Tanner of fasting fame. Dr. Tanner lived here until a few months ago, and is now at Robinson, Ills., and he has been heard from within the last few days.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Oct. 21.

Dip Hibeeh and his wife Taman arrived at Ellis island, N. Y., from Syria and were passed on to a relative in New York city. Dip is 15 years old and Taman 13. She is a head taller than he, of much larger build and apparently the head of the diminutive family.

Henry J. Furber has bought the ground at Chicago on which Hooley's theatre stands for $215,000.

While Henry Peters, a grainer, was burning paint on the door of the residence of Attorney Johnson, St. Louis, his gasoline lamp exploded, hurling him twenty feet into the street. His clothes were set on fire and he was badly burned.

Mrs. Columbus Delano, wife of the ex-secretary of the interior, living at Columbus, O., fell and broke her hip. She is old and ill and the mishap may prove fatal.

An Indiana man has left his home because his wife insisted on placing Bryan's picture in the window.

Thursday, Oct. 22.

The oldest man in Canada recently celebrated his 106th birthday. He is James Ross, of St. Martin's, N. B., and was born in Scotland in 1790.

Rev. John D. Morrisson, D. D., LL. D., archdeacon of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and rector of St. John's church at that place, has been elected to the bishopric of Duluth.

William Champlin, his wife, two children, and a young man are thought to have been drowned in Long Island sound. The party started to cross the sound in a small sloop Saturday, Oct. 10, and have not been heard of since.

The Y. M. C. A. building at Minneapolis, built six years ago at a cost of $150,000, has been sold under mortgage foreclosure to the Pennsylvania Mutual Life company, mortgagee, for $40,000.

A farmer named Butka, who had a large income from oil leases, was murdered on his farm about seventeen miles south of Toledo, O., by robbers and his wife was seriously injured.

The Democratic selectmen of New Haven, Conn., have planned to disfranchise the Yale students.

Friday, Oct. 23.

The celebrated filibuster Dauntless has been captured by the U. S. S. Raleigh in the very act of filibustering off the Florida coast. The Raleigh had to fire on the Dauntless before she would heave to.

William Pritchard Morrison, Liberal member of the house of commons for Merthyr Tydvil, has summoned a meeting of his constituents for the purpose of discussing the question of his resigning his seat in parliament in favor of Gladstone.

Robbers entered the Bank of Cassville at Cassville, Mo., and blew open the safe, securing the contents—a large sum, it is believed.

One of the largest assignments ever made in the Quebec district has just been made by the estate of Charles F. Bertrand and Charles Bertrand & Co., of Isle Verte, Lemisconata county. The assets are put down at $289,895 and liabilities at $235,024.

At a conference held in Chief Badenoch's office, Chicago, between claimants for $30,000 bonds found in a trunk at the Saratoga hotel it was decided that the securities belonged to J. L. Schoolcraft.

Saturday, Oct. 24.

Circuit Judge Withrow, of St. Louis, has decided a man cannot compel his wife, after obtaining a divorce, from her, to drop his name and use her maiden name.

The Florida Sheats school law has been declared unconstitutional. It made it a penal offense for white persons and negroes to be instructed or boarded within the same building or taught in the same class.

Rev. Thomas Stoughton Potwin hanged himself at Hartford, Conn. Melancholia, the result of continued poor health, was the cause.

The south Australian harvest is a failure owing to drought, and numbers of farmers are destitute.

Obituary: At Delavan, Wis., Perry James, 80; at Niles, Mich., Juliana Bedunah, 102, and S. E. Rogers; at Columbus, O., Herman Eckhardt; at Mattoon Ills., Charles Wallace; at Highland Park, Ills., Mrs. F. D. Everett; at Anderson, Ind., Michael Broanonberg, 77.

Bishop Henry Benjamin Whipple, of Minnesota, married Mrs. Evangeline Simpson at New York Thursday. The bishop is 74 years old and the bride is 35.

Monday, Oct. 26.

Snow to the depth of a foot has just fallen in England.

The offer of Pritchard Morgan, Welsh M. P., to resign in favor of Gladstone, is looked upon as a joke in England, as Gladstone has no intention of re-entering parliament, and has begun to learn to ride a bicycle.

At Rome Saturday the Crown Prince of Italy married the Princess Helene of Montenegro. The young woman is a head and neck taller than her husband.

The total registration of Cincinnati this year is 80,935, against 69,215 last year and 68,000 in round numbers four years ago.

In the interstate telegraph tournament, including Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, the third event, sending and receiving messages, was won by Postal Telegraph company operators.

Near Waterford, Ireland, the merchants are buying pigs direct from the farmers instead of through the Ballybricken pig buyers. A number of the latter waylaid four of the merchants and beat them nearly to death.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

APPEALS TO VOTERS

Chicago, Oct. 22.—[Special.]—Senator Jones, chairman of the Democratic national committee, has given out the following:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

"In view of the fact that the great corporations, with scarcely an exception, and many of the large employers of labor in the United States, are engaged in a concerted effort to coerce their employes into voting at the approaching election against their own convictions, I deem it my duty to call upon all those who believe in the supremacy of the law and the untrammeled freedom of the individual in the right of exercising the ballot to use their utmost effort to prevent the success of this most flagrant act of lawlessness; for if this conspiracy succeeds government by corporation will have superseded government by the people.

"Corporations have no powers—except those conferred specifically in the laws creating them. The right to coerce voters or to interfere with American citizens in the exercise of their rights at the ballot box are not named in any of these acts of incorporation, and when corporations undertake to exercise such powers they become lawbreakers and the good of society demands that they be rebuked and punished. During the present contest, which involves questions of the utmost moment to the American people, thousands of men have been compelled, by fear of losing their places, to join clubs andmarch in processions in behalf of a cause they detest. Requests from corporation bosses to vote the Republican ticket, which are perfectly understood to convey a threat of discharge in case of refusal, are made every day to men who dare not resent the insult.

"The corporations which thus appeal to force and fraud strike at the very foundation of Republican government, and the lovers of free institutions must arouse themselves to save the country from its great peril.

"Especially should the workingmen assert their manhood rights. If they vote their convictions and in accordance with their interests, the Democratic ticket is certain of election, and in that case the employing corporations will have no desire to embark upon a policy of punishment. On the contrary, they will be eager to conciliate employes who will have behind the assertion of their rights the vast powers of a federal administration in sympathy with those who toil. But should they submit to coercion and elect an administration that will be the creature of the corporations and moneyed interests of the country those workingmen whose entire submissiveness is regarded with suspicion will find themselves replaced by men who can be depended upon to vote as they are told. In the contest that is raging the salvation of the workingman lies in the assertion at the polls of his rights as a free and independent American citizen.

"The state laws providing for the Australian ballot, if enforced, are ample to protect every citizen in the secrecy of the ballot, and the corporate anarchists must be compelled to obey these laws, whether they are willing or not.

"The perpetration of this attempted outrage upon free suffrage will work its own cure. An indignant people, jealous of their rights, will demand that the legislatures, state and national, shall proceed at once by rigorous measures to prevent the possibility of a repetition of such attempts hereafter.

"While the metropolitan press, with a few honorable exceptions, is under the domination of these incorporated conspirators and is basely subservient to their wishes, the country newspapers as a rule remain undebauched and are still in smypathy with the principles of government established by Washington and Jefferson, and illustrated and mainatined by Jackson and Lincoln. They will "cry out and spare not" until legislation is had that will prevent another such shameful attempt at abuse of power.

"In the meantime the success of the present conspiracy must be prevented. The pending contest is already won by an overwhelming majority, if the honest sentiments of the people are permitted to find free expression at the polls—and this the people are ready to have at any cost.

"The national committee appreciates the need of vigilance. It has taken steps to impress upon the people, and especially upon every Democratic election officer, the great importance of scrutinising the marks upon every ballot and of carefully watching every act at or about the polls to make sure that no judge or clerk of election shall have an oportunity to betray the secrets of the ballot, if he would.

"And the national committee, backed by the full power of the Democratic organization in every state in the Union, pledges itself that every scoundrel, whether public officer or private citizen, who is detected in any violation of the law, shall be vigorously prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary if possible.

"JAMES K. JONES,
"Chairman Democratic National Committee."

IS HE AN ANARCHIST?

The Sole Survivor of the Sixteen Men Who Named the Republican Party.

At Marshall, Mich., during his recent tour through that state Mr. Bryan reversed the usual order of things and instead of making a speech himself merely introduced the speaker. He said:

"My friends, I am not going to have time to talk to you, but I simply want to make a little speech in the introduction of a famous anarchist who is going to speak after I am gone. [Applause.] Now, I want you when he gets up to talk to you to take a good look at him. He is a typical anarchist. You will probably see his picture in Harper's Weekly next week. His name is the Hon. Albert Williams, and he lives at Iona, Mich., and was introduced two years ago at Iona by Mr. McKinley as the only survivor of the sixteen who met and adopted the first Republican platform, and suggested the name of the Republican party, on the 6th of July, 1854, under the oaks at Jackson. [Applause, and a voice, "I was there."] He must be an anarchist, because he is with us this year. [Laughter.] My friends, he is one of the many men who have found it necessary to either get out of the Republican party or surrender their country into the hands of foreigners, and he has naturally chosen to get out of the party."

INGERSOLL'S REAL SENTIMENTS.

Unpurchased and Unprejudiced Speeches in Favor of Silver.

In his famous lecture on "Myths and Miracles," delivered in many sections of the country, Bob Ingersoll thus spoke of the silver question:

There is no man in the United States with ingenuity enough to account for the demonetization of silver in 1873. There is not one. We need altogether more money than we have.

We need twice as much money per capita to do the business of this country as is needed to do the business of any other country, and yet there is always somebody that is crazy for fear there will be more currency. I want just all the money we can get that is good, and silver is good enough for me. All I want of money is to pay my debts. Yes, sir; and I want the law to compel the other fellows to take what I take. That is good enough for me.

I believe that every ounce of silver that is dug under the American flag should be coined free under the American flag. In my country they are mostly on the other side. They are with the bankers—with the rich fellows. They get together and say we want gold. A man makes a contract to pay certain moneys in five years. I want a law so that he can pay the money when the contract comes due, with the money that was money when he made the contract. I do not think the few should have the right to combine to increase the value of what people call money as against the debtor and in favor of the creditor. I want the free coinage of all the gold you can dig out of the mines and crevices of the rocks, and I want the free coinage of all the silver you can win from the mines of America.

There is no reason why Colonel Ingersoll should not have spoken his honest sentiments with regard to silver in his lectures with as perfect freedom and sincerity as he declared his views of religion. There is no cause to doubt that he did so. There was not the slightest inducement to influence him to the contrary, and we have the conclusive proof of repetitions that he did speak his honest sentiments then of silver. For, in addition to the foregoing quotation from his lecture on "Myths and Miracles," we have also the following extract from his lecture on farming, as reproduced from the Illinois State Register and published in pamphlet form by G. S. Baldwin, 184 Madison street, Chicago, page 5:

"For my part, I do not ask any interference on the part of the government, except to undo the wrong it has done. I do not ask that money be made out of nothing. I do not ask for the prosperity born of paper. BUT I DO ASK FOR THE REMONETIZATION OF SILVER. SILVER WAS DEMONETIZED BY FRAUD. It was an imposition upon every solvent man; a fraud upon every honest debtor in the United States. It constituted labor. IT WAS DONE IN THE INTEREST OF AVARICE AND GREED, AND SHOULD BE UNDONE BY HONEST MEN. The farmers should vote only for such men as are able and willing to guard and advance the interests of labor."

But Ingersoll was neither bought nor bulldozed into making either of these declarations. They represent the unpurchased and unprejudiced judgment of his mind. The campaign speeches which Ingersoll is now making in favor of the gold standard merely represent the $2,000 a speech which Mark Hanna pays him.

NORTON FOR BRYAN.

The Leader of the "Middle-of-the-Road" Populists for the Democratic Leader.

Mr. S. F. Norton, of Illinois, the favorite candidate of the "middle-of-the-road" Populists for the presidential nomination at the St. Louis convention, has written a letter to Senator Butler, of North Carolina, chairman of the Populist national committee, announcing his support of Mr. Bryan and advising Populists everywhere to assist in Mr. Bryan's election. Mr. Norton advises Populists to forgive for the time any unjust treatment from the Democrats and postpone the settlement of minor difficulties until after the election. He says:

"If success is assured the Populist party cannot be denied the glory of the victory. Whether Mr. Bryan is a Populist or not, one thing absolutely certain is that every enemy reformers have encountered during the last twenty years we find today among Mr. Bryan's bitterest and most relentless opponents. If they are his enemies he must be our friend. His success is their defeat, their defeat is our victory.

"However much the Populists may have suffered at St. Louis as to the correct policy to adopt; however much some of us may still believe that mistakes were made under existing circumstances, there is only one course to pursue, and that is to loyally and earnestly support Mr. Bryan—not so much for the sake of elevating him to the presidency as for the purpose of defeating what may be appropriately and most expressively termed Mark Hanna Republicanism. Although some of us may regret certain fusion arrangements which have been made, it is a noticeble fact that no other man in the United States is so much troubled about them as the manager of the Republican campaign."

"I will tell you about the tariff question. If the men who want protection will join me in putting a prohibitory duty on foreign financial policies, I will discuss the rest of the tariff schedule with them."
—W. J. Bryan.

A REMARKABLE PARALLEL.

A Letter by Mr. Jefferson Which Aptly Applies to the Present Situation.

In 1800, when the Federalist party was virtually wiped out, Thomas Jefferson wrote his friend and Virginia neighbor, Mazzei, then in France, a letter in which he gives a strikingly accurate outline, not only of that campaign, but of this.

"The aspect of our politics," Jefferson writes, "has wonderfully changed since you left us. In place of the noble love of liberty and republican government, which carried us triumphantly through the war, an Anglican party has sprung up whose avowed purpose it is to draw us over to the substance, as they have already done to the forms, of the British government. While the main body of our citizens remain true to Republican institutions • • • against us are the executive, the federal judiciary, two out of three branches of the legislature, all the officers of the government, all timid men who prefer the calm of despotism to the boistgrous sea of liberty, all British merchants and Americans trading on British capital, all speculators and brokers, and with them the banks and dealers in the public funds (United States bonds)—a contrivance invented for the purpose of corruption and for assimilating us to the rotten, as well as to the sound parts, of the British model. It would give you a fever if I were to name to you the apostates who have gone over to these heresies—men who were once Solomons in council and Samsons in the field, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot England. In short we are likely to preserve the liberty we have obtained only by unremitting labors and perils. But we shall preserve it!"

Amicable Relations Resumed.

A young man in San Francisco and a young lady in San Jose were for a time very much in love with each other, and during that period each wrote the other a two pound letter every day weighted down to the limit with kisses and expressions of love. But they quarreled a couple of weeks ago.

"Send back my letters," she wrote.

"Return mine first," he replied.

"If you had been a gentleman, you would not have waited for me to demand their return," wrote she.

"Ethics for the use of women only don't go," he responded.

Then there came a pause in their correspondence. The young man wanted his letters very badly, for he knew he had made a fool of himself in every line of every letter. The young lady wanted hers because any one would think she was crazy to fall in love with such a brute.

"Send my letters on April 5, and I'll send yours the same date, so we will both get them as the same time," wrote he.

"All right," she answered.

Each waited to see if the other would really act in good faith and send the letters, so neither received them.

"A man who has so little regard for his word," etc., wrote she.

"A woman who would deliberately attempt such a confidence game," etc., responded he.

There was another pause in the correspondence, during which both tried to devise some way of effecting an exchange. The idea of a third party occurred to both, but was abandoned. The intermediary might read the letters. Finally the young man decided to go after them. He effected the exchange, and now the correspondence has been resumed.

"You know, dear little sweetheart, that I was just teasing you," wrote he.

"You horrid boy, to treat me so. I have a notion never to love you again," answered she, and there will soon be another stack of two pound letters to exchange.—San Francisco Post.

Glimmerings of a Future Life.

It is easy to suppose circumstances which would produce the conviction in all rational human beings that there is a "future life," between which and ours there is intercommunication. Let us take as a type a form of "apparition" that is visible and vocally audible, but not tangible, that cannot produce changes in ordinary physical objects, that cannot be photographed, whose audibility and visibility, whether telepathic or not, are at least not dependent on our present normal senses.

Let us now suppose that immediately after death such an apparition of the deceased was invariably seen and heard; that it affirmed itself to be the deceased; that it exhibited such knowledge as the deceased possessed while inhabiting the ordinary organism, and so on; that it affirmed itself to be still "living" under very different conditions, most of which were alleged to be inexplicable to us in terms of our present environment. Let us suppose that arrangements for meetings could be made with the apparition; that the apparition, except perhaps for its occasional disappearance for hours or days, explained by the necessity of fulfilling certain duties in its new sphere, behaved in general, as regards recognition by living persons and its rational and social relations with them, much as an ordinary living person does, the main exception being that he is not embodied like us. Were the case like this, I make no doubt whatever that the human race would be possessed by a belief in the survival after death, which would be regarded as barely less certain than the belief in their present embodied existence.—Professor Richard Hodgson in Forum.

Birds of Paradise Without Legs.

The idea sprung from the practice of the natives of those islands where the bird is found, who, having a great demand for the feathers of this beautiful bird, exported the skins, but first took off the legs as being of no use. The feathers were highly valued for their richness and elegance, and also for the invulnerability which they were supposed to confer upon their wearers, the oriental chiefs whose turbans they adorned believing themselves to bear a charmed life in battle. A number of old writers stated that these birds were formed with legs like other birds, but they argued in vain, and Aldrovandus accused Pigafetta of falsehood in asserting that they had legs. As early as 1657 there were birds of paradise in Tradescant's museum, "some with, some without, legs." Linnæus employed the term Apoda, not because, he believed the fable, but because, he says, the older naturalists called the birds footless. For further information on this part of the subject see "Penny Cyclopedia," article "Bird of Paradise."

The present demand of these beautiful feathers is for the adornment of the hats and bonnets of modern ladies, and I am sorry to observe that the demand is so great as to threaten the extinction of the bird. During the past season one house alone at Paris is said to have sold 60,000 dozen sprays of mixed bird of paradise and osprey tips. These are chiefly made up of the feathers of young birds, which are cheaper, the plumage of the male bird requiring several years for its development. The mature bird is now scarce in New Guinea owing to the activity of skilled sharpshooters.

TOLSTOI ON DECADENCE.

His Views as Translated From an Interview In a Moscow Paper.

Our literary men of the present day are "decadents," and by "decadents" I mean that school of writers who having no ideas of their own and having nothing whatsoever to express strive nevertheless to make some impression upon the public by introducing into their works various little scenes or mere words devoid of any serious thought and meaning. "Decadence" in literature is much more powerful and dangerous in its pernicious influence than most of us are prone to believe. Our critics generally regard the tendency either with utter indifference or with a smile, never suspecting that such a tendency does in a great measure reflect upon our literature in general.

And right here I wish to draw the distinction between the two types of "decadents"—the reserved, or those who are inclined to conceal the fact of belonging to the school, and the pronounced type, or those who go on with their work regardless of public opinion. We have at the present day a superabundance of dramatic works, original as well as translations, and, as I hear, our public eagerly views these productions, being perfectly happy when its nerves are shattered and strained to the utmost, a consummation which our modern dramatists devoutly wish for.

Of the two types I regard the former—namely, the reserved—as the most dangerous, and its pernicious influence upon the general public can scarcely be overestimated.

Our modern fiction is, I am sorry to note, devoid of originality of thought as well as of boldness of expression. One's own idea and that alone is a thing of great value, being the only factor in insuring life and utility to the production of an artist. Alfred de Musset was the first to express this idea when he said, "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre."

Perhaps my advanced age accounts in a large measure for the view which I take of things. To an old man, you know, the past seems more attractive. However I personally do not only prefer the literature of the past, but also the past generation—in other words the reflections of the past epoch seem to me purer, better and more moral than those of the present. I attempted to convey this idea in my "Power and Darkness," sharply drawing the line between the past and the rising generations. Human kindness and faith were built upon stronger foundations than at present.

Although I can claim no acquaintance with the newspaper world, I have nevertheless always felt a sort of admiration, at times mingled with a feeling of envy, for the newspaper men. Journalism is at least a tolerable vocation, inasmuch as it does not require of one to enter with his whole heart and soul into a certain idea or to experience all those little mental torments which invariably precede and accompany the appearance into the world of an author's [illegible] Aside from this, a journalist acquires in course of time a certain technicality, of which, I must confess, I cannot boast. Not to mention the fact that I take the most scrupulous care in revising and polishing every sentence in my literary works, I find it hard at times to write an ordinary, everyday letter, often finding it necessary to rewrite it five or six times. The only time when I write with ease is when I forget about the very process of writing and am given over to my thoughts. At the present time I am so busy revising and rewriting my new story that I feel the lack of technicality the more keenly. I feel that there is plenty of work to be done and but little time left to do it. Time does not stay; old age begins to assert itself. I feel the approach of death. It is not distant. Common arithmetic proves that my years are numbered.

The Measles.

A patient attacked with measles feels out of sorts for a week or ten days. His eyes are red and tearful, and he has all the outward and visible signs of a bad cold in the head. His temperature rises to perhaps 103 or 104 degrees F., and about four days later he comes out in a speckled red rash, which, beginning on the face and hands—parts of the body exposed to the air—soon covers him from top to toe. In that condition he is often likened by the wit of the family to a boiled lobster. At the end of a few days the rash fades away, the fever falls, and in another week or so the patient is well. Such is the course of a mild attack, but there is hardly any infectious disease in which severe and fatal complications are more liable to occur. As a rule these accidents take the form of inflammatory lung troubles, such as bronchitis and pneumonia. More rarely they lead to chronic mischief, such as consumption.—Nineteenth Century.

Overeating.

The greatest mistakes of all are overeating and eating too often. So long as youths and maidens are growing, the system needs extra nourishment to build up the framework of the day. Adults do not require this. They have need of food only to supply the materials for new blood to make up for the waste of tissue. This waste of tissue is constantly going on, to be sure, but only in the direct ratio to the work we do, whether mental or bodily. If a greater quantity of food is taken into the system than can be used up, it is almost as deleterious as if we had swallowed so much sand.—New York World.

His Advertisement.

Visitor—Call your paper a great advertising medium, do you? It isn't worth anything. I put in an advertisement last week and didn't get an answer, not one.

Editor—Dear me! How was your advertisement worded?

Visitor—A poor young man wants a pretty wife who can do her own housework.—London Tit-Bits.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

Few People Physically Fitted For the Atmosphere of High Altitudes.

In connection with any sport the questions which arise are mainly three: Is it innocent? Is it enjoyable? Is it healthful? To expect a sport qua sport to yield knowledge or gain is to regard it from the wrong point of view. Dulce est desipere in loco; we must all relax sometimes, and the arguments which are used against mountaineering would go far to condemn all kinds of amusement.

As regards the three questions which we have propounded the answer to the first is easy. Mountaineering is without doubt innocent, and in the judgment of its adherents it is inferior to no sport in point of enjoyment. The third question, which comes more directly within our province, admits of more debate.

Can we regard mountain ering as in the main and for the mass of tourists a safe and healthful amusement? This is a question which cannot be answered without considerable reserve and qualifications. Mountaineering—by which we mean ascents of 10,000 or 12,000 feet and upward—involves much strain and severe fatigue. The strain is first upon the muscular system, but it affects even more importantly the circulatory, respiratory and nervous mechanisms. In some persons the heart seems to feel the tax most, in others the nervous system is chiefly affected. Palpitation and "mountain sickness"—the latter in all probability a neurosis—are the two chief difficulties that beset the average mountaineer.

It is clear from these considerations that mountaineering is not for everybody. There must be, first of all, a sound general physique, considerable endurance and the capacity for prolonged and continuous effort. But it is not so generally understood that a sound heart muscle—a well developed and well exercised myocardium—is indispensable for any considerable mountaineering feats. Hence any suspicion of structural heart disease is an absolute contraindication for any such exploits. Further, the heart must be not only structurally sound, but well exercised and in good condition. Hence, sedentary livers who, for 11 months in the year, have no regular active exercise, should not employ their holiday month in mountaineering. Yachting or fishing would be much safer for such, and perhaps not less healthful.

Many Alpine accidents have been the result of neglect of this very obvious rule. For similar reasons mountaineering should be eschewed by persons in middle life who have not acquired the requisite training in youth, and even those who in the heyday of their early prime delighted in the sport and enjoyed many a "crowded hour of glorious life" on some Alpine summit would do well to remember Horace's maxim regarding the aging speed and bid a timely adieu to exploits no longer suited to their years. A certain stability of the nervous system is indispensable for mountaineering, but it is difficult to say anything precise on this head. Neurotic individuals not only climb badly, as a rule, but they do not benefit by the air ove a certain moderate level. A certain coolness of nerve is a necessary qualification for the many ascents which involve actual danger—danger usually avoidable and seldom extreme, but not to be lightly encountered by those deficient in steadiness and self control.

Many of the dangers of mountaineering which bulk largely in the popular imagination are either quite rare or easily avoided. Thus snow blindness is not at all of frequent occurrence, is almost confined to prolonged exposure to a blazing sun upon snowfields and is usually successfully averted by the use of colored spectacles. Bleeding from the nose and ears, which is described by the early explorers, is practically unknown—at least to any serious extent—at the present day. Frostbite and sunburn, though not uncommon, are seldom severe. Perhaps the most frequent ground of attack upon mountaineering is its presumed perilousness. Accidents are no doubt frequent, but it is certainly true that for the most part they are avoidable.—London Lancet.

Man Made Monuments and Others.

"He was not aware that it had ever been suggested that it was the work of man, and it could not therefore be an ancient monument."

This somewhat mystic remark was made by the Irish attorney general in reply to a question about the desirability of preserving the Giant's Causeway.

In itself one may be inclined to dispute the attorney general's proposition that nothing can be ancient or monumental which is not the work of man—man, whose appearance on the planet is so comparatively modern; man, whose noblest works are comparatively so trivial beside the more enduring monuments of creative energies greater than his own.

And, though the attorney general was of course speaking in a legal sense, the point we have indicated suggests a real defect in the law. Would it not be possible to extend the protection given to ancient monuments to natural beauties and natural marvels?

In some other countries attempts have been made in that direction, and this is a form of land nationalization upon which many even of the least extreme of politicians would look with favor.—London News.

Roentgenized.

She (time, 1 a. m.)—Where have you been until this late hour?

He—I had a customer from the west, who detained me talking business.

When he had fallen asleep she applied a cathode ray to his bald spot. "Three queens and a pair of fours—and a double jack pot," she exclaimed.

Quickly investigating the contents of his pockets, she resumed her place on the bed, with the remark:

"Just as I expected, the other man must have held that hand—but wait until morning."—Vanity.

The Harem on Shipboard.

A dirtier and more cockroach infested craft I never sailed upon than that Levantine coaster, peace to her ribs! They are whitening now on the Syrian coast, where she went quietly aground one calm night without loss to life and decently insured. The officers were Scotch and the crew Greek, and the latter understood the former according to the vitriolic expletives. It might be said that the ship was worked wholly by profanity. Many are the ridiculous memories that revive with the name of that disreputable tub that scavenged along the Levantine coasts, shipping contraband where she could not get licensed cargo and defying pilots and the rules of ports, but none funnier than of a certain squally night on which we ran out of Iskenderun, the whole sea red in the reflected light of a forest fire.

We were carrying on the quarter deck a pasha's harem, come from the interior, and probably new to the sea, and as the ship pitched and rolled, and wives and children and slaves fell very sick, the oldest and stoutest duenna of them all, starting up unveiled and half clad, rushed to the side and began to climb the rail, with the evident purpose of leaping out of the accursed ship somehow and somewhither. But the old Scotch mate was too quick for her. In an instant he had gripped her waist, and for five minutes there was a Homeric battle, he cursing gutturally as he held on like grim death, she backing out behind, twining her disengaged hand in his hair and defaming his maternal ancestors to the tenth generation. The harem shrieked at the awful spectacle of their comrade in the grasp of a man, but there was none to help, for the pasha was lying abject in his berth below, and we enjoyed the scene far too keenly to cut it short. At the last she succumbed, exhausted, and the old Scot bore her back like a sack to her bed.—Hogarth.

First Days of the World.

When geology took up the world's history in early Archean days, 300,000,000 of years had passed since the molten rocks of the sunlike earth had formed from the condensing nebulæ.

The cooling of the exterior had gone forward with remarkable slowness, but at last it was hard, solid rock. The thick, heavy vapors had begun to condense, and waters, hot and acid, covered the world, or at least its greater part.

Over the continental region the sea was more or less shallow, and the breaking and grinding of the ocean's bed laid the nucleus for future land.

A triangular island slowly appeared above the waste of waters in what is now the Hudson bay region. There appeared, too, a narrow strip which in centuries to come was to be the highland of the Hudson. There was also a coast line in the broad area covering the Rockies. Small islands dotted the great northern seas where Norway and Sweden now stand.

As time passed the waters slowly became cooler, and at last life, lowly life, appeared in some structureless plants and animals.

A warm and equable climate covered the land, and a clouded sky tempered the rays of the sun, but the rocks were yet bare, and no sounds filled the air save those of a lifeless and voiceless nature—the surging of the waters and the raging of the tempest. But a gradual change was taking place. The seas adjoining these primordial islands became shallower; corals and sea lilies filled the bays; mollusks and crustaceans had begun, and for ages mollusk life reigned supreme in this embryo world.—Lippincott's.

The California Lion.

The running and leaping ability of the California lion when hard pressed by hounds and hunters in open field is almost incredible. Only a fine pack of hounds, accustomed to the mountains, can even attempt to run a genuine lion. There are scores of hunters who declare they have seen California lions, when hotly pursued, rise like a winged creature high above the greenwood and chaparral and make leap after leap of over 30, sometimes 40 feet, across bowlders, logs and rocks. Ground scent for the dogs is barely left, so daintily does he alight. The hounds must use the slightly tainted air for their guide. It is a well known fact that the mountain lion stands in the greatest terror of dogs. When chased by them, he will first try to outrun them. Failing in this, he will take to the nearest tree. But when there are no trees of refuge and the lion comes to bay, then look out. One stroke of the powerful paw means a dead dog, and unless the hunter comes to the rescue with a rifle or revolver the savage brute will slaughter the whole pack in detail. Should he succeed in killing all the dogs he will immediately turn his attention to the human enemy, whom he considers the most insignificant of the pursuers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Newest Hailstones.

The Washington Star reports a hailstorm in which the hailstones were like goose eggs. This is a new departure that will mightily surprise veteran newspaper readers. From time immemorial hailstones have always fallen the size of hen's eggs, according to the reports in the papers. People finally came to believe that some mysterious law of nature caused all hailstones to assume that size, and now their belief is rudely upset by an iconoclast who brings in a goose egg standard. Certainly this is a revolutionary age. The first thing we know hailstones the size of ostrich eggs will be falling, and then where will we be?—New York Tribune.

Some One Must Suffer.

If a Chinaman dies while being tried for murder the fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has taken himself away and somebody must suffer, and departed spirits jealously guard their own. If he has no son to punish for the year. If he has no son to punish for the year. If a brother gets a smack in the face the family, and flogging [illegible] for it.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"Sue."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Under the Polar Star."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Richard Mansfield.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"In Old Kentucky."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"THE CITIZEN'S" PLATFORM.

Protection that protects Labor as well as Capital.

Reciprocity with the Latin-American Republics.

Gold and Silver Bimetallism, on a basis to be fixed by Congress, not by Convention.

The Union Forever; and the Rights of all the People.

BRYAN AND McKINLEY.

William J. Bryan's visit to Chicago has startled the Republican leaders the whole country over, and it is quite evident that, whatever the result of the Presidential election, Mr. Bryan is the present idol of the vast majority of the working people of this country. His speeches covered some of the old ground but he also uttered many new and bright thoughts, especially about trusts and monopolies in general. Either the trusts, as constituted, must go, by process of law, or the Republic will eventually become a despotism of some kind. The Republic is certainly dearer to the American people than the trusts.

Probably the meeting held at Tattersall's, Tuesday night, was the most astonishing political demonstration ever witnessed here. It was not alone the enormous crowd within the gigantic building itself that made it so, but also the densely packed masses of humanity that covered whole acres around it. Their cheering resembled the steady roar of a storm-tossed sea. The working people are undoubtedly stirred as they never have been before, in our memory at least, and if they vote as they cheer, the Presidential result hangs in the balance. Should Maj. McKinley be defeated, he will have to thank the political idiocy of some of his managers; the anti-American attitude of the goldbug editors; the conditioning of bimetallism on the consent of Europe, and the partisan use made of the National Flag for the result. If he should win, his own personality alone will have saved him, and he will be under obligations to no manager or set of managers. Maj. McKinley has had a heavy load to carry in this campaign—the heaviest load ever piled by political cowardice and gross mismanagement on the back of a candidate personally popular.

A FRENCH AUTHOR ON IRELAND.

The English seem to be intensely annoyed over the attention now given by a most influential portion of the French press to Ireland and Irish affairs. Nor is this attention confined to the French editors. Authors, like Marcel Prevost, are fixing their regards on the Irish question. We find in the Irish Republic, of the 18th inst., an excerpt from the European edition of the New York Herald, in which M. Prevost and the London Standard ran foul of each other over the Irish question. M. Prevost says:

"On my return to Paris, after a month's tour in Ireland, during the course of which I sent to the Journal some letters in regard to the country through which I was traveling, I find on my desk a clipping from the English Standard, in which the last of these letters is criticised in a pretty lively fashion. I am accused of shedding 'crocodile's tears' over the fate of Daly and his colleagues, and of describing an eviction solely from the point of view of an insolvent tenant. Moreover, the writer criticises my remarks about those papers, which are known in England as the 'Irish loyal press,' and which seemed to me sufficiently repugnant. Finally, the correspondent of the Standard describes me as the author of a pamphlet, namely, 'The Demi-Virgins,' which is both vulgar and an insult to the young girls of England and America.'

"I do not care to notice this personal accusation. I take pleasure, however, in drawing attention to the fact that in the book mentioned by the Standard there is not a single female character, either married or unmarried, who is either American or English. But this question is of interest only to me. On the other hand, of widespread interest is the Irish question, whether we regard it from the abstract view of morality and justice, or from the view of politics and social economics. And I am glad that a journal like the Herald offers me the opportunity to develop at some length before a public which is neither English nor French, and which consequently holds impartial views about the matter, the opinions at which I have arrived through my recent tour in Ireland."

M. Prevost then proceeds to dissect the English as colonists, and accuses them of lacking the Macedonian and French knack of conciliating, instead of exasperating, the peoples that come under their yoke. "She (England) takes possession of them," says the Frenchman, "that is all." Then he proceeds to say:

"The English do not like to be reminded of this incontestible truth, but it should be cried incessantly into their ears, for Ireland, under British rule, is a blot upon the map of Europe, and before making such a noise about the wretched Armenians the English ought to consider what is done at home—sixty miles from Holyhead. The sadness of Ireland, I said in the article which evoked the bitter reply from the Standard, lies in the fact that it is a vast cemetery of ruined peasant homes. Especially toward the west the country is studded with ruins. You know the oft-told story of the eviction of tenants, of policemen summoned by the landlord, how the barricaded door of the hut is broken down, how the miserable furniture is seized, how the inmates are driven forth; then, in order that these unhappy persons may not be tempted to reinstate themselves in the empty home, how the roof and even the windows are taken away until finally all that remains are the four stone walls and the gable ends. Skeletons of such hovels, seen everywhere throughout Ireland, have satisfied me that evictions are not a legend but a lamentable daily occurrence. Sometimes there is an entire group of such stone skeletons, already half covered with moss. In the outskirts of some apparently flourishing town, such as Sligo, there are many ruins of this kind."

Like most foreigners, who spend but a short time in Ireland, M. Prevost seems to be deceived in regard to the productiveness of the country. The French are accustomed to a soil trimly farmed and worked, in an agricultural sense, up to almost its full limit. In Ireland they find a country carelessly farmed, in many districts, and most of the very best soil running fallow or used simply for pasture purposes. If the Englisman on the Standard were any better posted than the Frenchman he might laugh at M. Prevost for saying, "In a word, if we set aside Ulster, which province represents one-fourth of Ireland and is the Dorado of the country, the soil is extremely poor and has scarcely nourishment for anyone."

Our French friend must have confined his tours in Leinster to the Bog of Allen, and in Munster to the mountain bogs of the coast of Kerry. There is no finer soil in all the world than that of most of those two magnificent provinces. Even now, Ireland raises one-third of the entire farm produce of the three kingdoms, including, of course, feed for cattle and horses. Connaught, too, is not without its garden spots, and there cannot be found much better farming land than that which lies along the course of the Shannon and the Suca—vulgarly called the Suck. However, we will let that pass, only wishing M. Prevost a little more light as to the fertility of Ireland. He is more at home when he proceeds thus:

"The English journals and the loyal Irish journals seem to forget this fact. They would fain believe and make believe that there is no longer any Irish question, and the whole Irish agitation is dead and buried. Nothing is more false. As long as Ireland is supposed to be a country in which the natives cannot find homes—which is the case today—so long there will be an Irish question. It will come to the front unexpectedly on the day when England finds herself engaged in some colonial complication, and this day cannot fail to come. Only—well, there is a very serious only!

"Only there will, perhaps, be no more Irish to bring forward the Irish question; if there is too long a delay—aye, if the day of awakening should not come until that inevitable day when England will crumble to pieces under the weight of her huge empire. And perhaps this is the solution on which the energetic fatalism of John Bull is counting. The native population of Ireland is decreasing in a frightful manner. The were eight million inhabitants in 1841. There were only five millions and a half in 1871. In 1891 the number had fallen to four millions and a half. Now, if the ethic evolution goes on without being arrested by a revolution, a violent political upheaval, it is easy to fix by mathematical calculation the epoch at which Ireland will be wholly British.

"The Standard seems astonished that this perspective of a British Ireland does not please a Frenchman. And yet nothing is more natural. France has always had sympathy for Ireland, and this, perhaps, is not the least of the reasons which makes the English so averse to grant Home Rule. In our national character we find many qualities of the Irish character, such as their bright gayety, their reckless valor, their hatred of hypocrisy. We have also, alas! more than one fault in common. Fortunately for the Frenchman, he has some qualities which are unknown to the Irishman."

The French author concludes his powerful letter as follows:

"The policy of England towards Ireland wounds only too keenly the sentiment of justice. No one, save an Englishman—and even in England many indorse my opinion—will admit the right of ejecting from his home the cultivator of the soil whom the hereditary laws of the country declare to be a coproprietor of that soil.

"Nobody will admit the right of shutting up three political convicts in prisons whose discipline is such that two have come out insane and the third (the expression is that of an English newspaper) broken down. Are these, O Standard, the prisons of the Queen? Nobody will admit that a great nation honors itself by oppressing a small one, and so long as Ireland protests so bitterly against the proceedings of the government in a sister isle, Europe and the word will shrug their shoulders at the Armenophile preachments of the English, and will persist in reading into them the vile calculations of shopkeepers masking as apostles.

"Such is the impression which I have carried back with me from my recent stay in Ireland. My sympathy for the Irish people increased, and I understand the full truth of Carlyle's words, which I recommend to the Standard of London: 'The woes of Ireland and the injustice done to Ireland are abysses which no soundings can fathom.'"

NATIONALITY DEFINED BY RELIGION

It remained for the President of Harvard university, Massachusetts, to enlighten us on the subject of nationality as defined by religion. Hitherto we have been taught to believe that religion cut no figure in the matter of nationality—as, for example, the Duke of Norfolk is a Catholic and the Marquis of Salisbury is a Protestant, yet both are Englishmen; the late M. Guizot, of France, was a Protestant and the late M. Thiers a Catholic, yet both were Frenchmen; the late Daniel O'Connell, of Ireland, was a Catholic and the late William Smith O'Brien a Protestant, yet both were Irishmen. We never heard that Wolfe Tone, Fitzgerald, the Emmets, the Sheares, John Mitchel, Isaac Butt and Parnell were anything else than Irishmen although all of them were Protestants; but President Eliot, of Harvard, has a theory of his own, as set forth in the following letter, addressed to Mr. J. D. O'Connell, Washington, D. C.:

"HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 15, 1896—*My Dear Sir:*—I am obliged to you for your letter of Oct. 7 about my omission to mention the Irish among the important immigrations of the last century to America. I shall have to confess that I omitted them because I did not know that they were an important element in the population of the colonies in the the eighteenth century. Your definition of Irishmen, however, would hardly, I think, be generally accepted. Most ethnologists would desire to distinguish between the Irish and the Scotch-Irish; and in this century it seems to me that the distinction between the Scotch-Irish and the Irish is very important; the Scotch-Irish being mainly Protestants the Irish proper being mainly Catholics. You are doubtless aware that in the eighteenth century most of the American colonies were distinctly unfriendly to Roman Catholics.

"My ignorance about the early Irish immigration is doubtless due to provincialism. The Massachusetts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the creation of the English Puritans and Independents. The Massachusetts of the nineteenth century, however, is quite another thing. It has welcomed many thousands of Irishmen, and they have generally proved very useful citizens. I am sorry that I did not add the Irish to my enumeration of immigrants in the last century.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES W. ELIOT."

We will print next week an admirable letter on the subject of the Irish in America, addressed to the New York Sun, by Mr. O'Connell, and published by that great journal on a conspicuous page of a recent issue. The arguments of Mr. O'Connell require no seconding from us, but we desire to say that Prof. Eliot has it still within his power to do justice to the Irish immigrants of the last century, who fought so faithfully for American independence; and we are sure the learned and distinguished gentleman will be only too glad to correct the error into which he has unintentionally, as shown by his letter, fallen.

President Eliot would never think, for example, of drawing a national distinction between American Catholics, such as Carroll, of Carrollton, and American Protestants, such as John Hancock, or the descendants of those historical personages. The same rule applies to the great mass of undistinguished American Catholics and Protestants. Prof. Eliot should remember that the so-called Scotch-Irish of today have been longer settled in Ireland than the Pilgrims and Puritans in New England. Yet nobody dreams of calling the descendants of the latter anything else than Americans or Yankees. Why then should it take a longer time for the Scotch Puritans to become Irish than for the English Puritans to become Americans? Neither does anybody call the Catholic descendants of Lord Baltimore's Catholic colony of Maryland anything else than Americans. If President Eliot's mode of reasoning were to prevail, the New Englanders would be known as English-Yankees and the Marylanders, many of whom are of Celtic origin, as Irish-Americans. This, certainly, would be exceedingly confusing. We don't think President Eliot would care to have the Protestant and Catholic Americans divided by so stupid a line of demarcation, because of their respective modes of belief.

Another thing: Professor Eliot magnanimously admits his ignorance on one point of American and Irish relation Perhaps he would like to know that the term "Scotch-Irish" is offensive to every Irish Protestant who is not a knave, a fool or a snob. We know dozens of Protestant Irishmen here and elsewhere—our personal friends—who despise the term, and who heartily damn the late Horace Greeley for having revived it in his "Personal Recollections." The Scotch-Irish first appear in history, we are compelled to inform President Eliot, as camp followers and despoilers of the slain at the battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690. For our authority, we respectfully refer Prof. Eliot to the alleged "Impartial History of the Wars in Ireland," by the Rev. George Story, chaplain to King William III, and, subsequently, to the British army in Ireland, published in London, A. D., 1693. Story was an enemy of the Irish—particularly the Catholic Irish—and would not be likely to defame the allies of the English interest and army in Ireland. He was an eye witness of the battle of the Boyne, and, doubtless, knew whereof he wrote.

As a rule, even prejudiced Americans differ from the English in this: No matter how high their intellectual rank or how great their learning, they are ever willing to be still further instructed. We have known Americans, such as the late Dr. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby), who went to Ireland violently antagonistic to the Irish race, and came back the warmest friends of the unfortunate people. We don't think President Eliot is an enemy of Ireland, or of the Irish race—he is too great a man for such narrowness—but it will do him no harm to read up on the subject of the Irish at home and abroad. He would be a powerful friend if he were thoroughly grounded in Irish history. He should not, like Mr. Gladstone, commit the great error of studying it when too late.

INDIGNANT MR. CASSIDY.

We have received the following note from a disgruntled subscriber and print it verbatim with great pleasure:

Chicago Oct 26te 96 Mr John Finerty Dear Sir Plese stop sending Mee the Citizen thae I am nither a Long hered man nor a short hered woman but I Detest such Coments Inpirtialy when thee as Indulged In the famely of the Feth that you and I Profeses

yours Respetfuly
R. CASSIDY
4130 Wabash ave
Chicago Ills

THE two young ruffians, Foster and Hanchette, pupils of the Metropolitan Business College, who threw eggs at the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryan from the windows of the institution on Tuesday, have been publicly expelled. They were in the hands of the police, but Mr. Bryan, magnanimously, asked for their liberty. "Boys will be boys," but it is well to teach them that they must prepare to be gentlemen or take the consequences.

WE hope the sentiments attributed to Theodore Roosevelt are inventions of his enemies. If they are his sentiments he must be insane. Nobody is talking of "civil war," fusillades and raising regiments in this country but himself.

THE Chicago Tribune and Times-Herald say that the country will go to smash, on schedule time, Nov. 4, if McKinley is beaten. The New York Journal and Chicago Dispatch say that the Republic will go by the board if Bryan is not elected. Now, what is a distracted people to do when your wise journals split in twos on such a subject?

"MACHINE Republican" writes to us thus: "You seem to be down on the machines. Well, how are you going to run politics without machines? There must be organization in politics to start with." Very true, friend, very true; but it isn't necessary for a political machine to become a star chamber concern, a mutual admiration society, an ingrate and a hog. We could name such a machine in this city, but it isn't necessary. Some day, and before long, too, the people will walk on the neck of the machine. Look out for the locomotive.

AMONG the candidates for County Commissioner in the city is Mr. Michael J. Kelly, who served with credit in that capacity once before. Mr. Kelly is a man of sterling worth and numbers his friends by the thousand among all classes and races of the community.

"THE CITIZEN'S" CAMPAIGN POETRY.

The Chicago Tribune of last Monday had a semi-editorial display of its campaign poets' genius. Their contributions were entirely partisan, which, perhaps, was the reason they did not strike the popular chord as effectively as they might have done, because a good many American citizens who admire McKinley will vote for Bryan, and a great many American citizens who admire Bryan will vote for McKinley. Under these conditions, THE CITIZEN is the ideal paper. It caters not to a party but to all the people. It has received whole reams of campaign poetry, which it has ruthlessly dumped in the waste basket out of tender consideration for the feelings of both Maj. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, but it has preserved three specimens—one for McKinley and two for Bryan—the latter's poets being the more numerous—and presents them to its readers with its compliments. The McKinley song is the composition of an old soldier; the song to the air of "Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation," is the production of a disgruntled silver Republican, and the "Song of the Silver Knight" was written by a young lady, who has a passion for the Argentine cause. We give McKinley, as he is the older man, first place, as follows:

Billy McKinley O!

Air: "The Regular Army O!"

O, mount our wagon, fellows,
And don't you be too slow—
We're all goin' down to Canton town
In famous O-hi-o!
We're all goin' down to Canton town,
And this is the way we go—
Sixty miles an hour, with steam horse pow'r,
To Billy McKinley O!
Sixty miles an hour, with steam horse pow'r,
To Billy McKinley O!

He's the champion of Protection
And Reciprocity—
He believes in honest money,
Likewise in Cuba free!
He'll win "hell bent" as President,
And save us all, we know,
He's a giant bold in the cause of gold
Is Billy McKinley O!
He's a giant bold in the cause of gold
Is Billy McKinley O!

I care not for old Hanna,
Nor much for Harry Payne,
They think they own McKinley
But I guess they think in vain!
He's true and kind, a man of mind,
He's frank to friend and foe!
He's a gallant knight in freedom's fight
Is Billy McKinley O!
He's a gallant knight in freedom's fight
Is Billy McKinley O!

Oh, he's friendly to the masses—
Sure he never did them ill!—
The whole world knows McKinley,
Or, at least, McKinley Bill!
He's not afraid to curb Free Trade—
The cause of all our woe—
He's a champion brave of the toiling slave
Is Billy McKinly O!
He's a champion brave of the toiling slave
Is Billy McKinley O!

When the Union was in danger
Sure he shouldered up his gun!
And never laid it down again
Till the Union cause was won!
He's known and lov'd, his worth is prov'd
From Maine to Mexico—
He's a "bully boy," he's the people's joy
Is Billy McKinley O!
He's a "bully boy," he's the people's joy
Is Billy McKinley O!

Then here's to Bill McKinley,
Likewise McKinley Bill!
We're all goin' down to Canton town
To show we love him still!
He has no wealth, but we'll drink his health
In bowls that overflow!
He's our champion bold, with a heart of gold,
Is Billy McKinley O!
He's our champion bold, with a heart of gold,
Is Billy McKinley O!

"An Anti-goldbug Republican" relieves his mind thus:

A Right Silver Ballade.

Air: "Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation."

Come stand for fair Columbia's fame—
Still keep unstained her story—
Come trample down that cross of shame
Would crucify her glory!
On Freedom's ground, be a trumpet sound
The voice of our jubilation—
To Liberty's call we welcome all
Who'd baffle the rogues of our nation!

From Concord bridge to Yorktown wall
Our fathers fought before us—
Their flag won equal rights for all,
And that flag is floating o'er us!
Not in flag or law do we find a flaw
But we spurn the Knaves' dictation—
In the people's fight, the people's might
Will humble the rogues of our nation!

You dreamt the Briton's rule was o'er,
Brave victors of Cornwallis!
Through sev'n long years of tears and gore
You drank of a bitter chalice,
And by Freedom's Lord, who bless'd the sword
Of Columbia's liberation,
Not for England's gold can be bought or sold
The men who're the strength of our nation!

Dark to me was the woful day
When "gold" was made the slogan
Of men who'd cheer'd the words of Clay,
Of Blaine and loyal Logan!
"Republican" was aye my clan
When Union called for salvation,
But gold bug knaves and crouching slaves
Are now the worst foes of our nation.

Sad today are the homes of Toil,
Where children cry for the hunger!
And dearth of work on Columbian soil
Stirs their fathers' blood to anger!
While for titles old the men of gold
Sell their daughters on speculation—
We pray to God for a chast'ning rod
To humble the proud of our nation!

Then "Union Blue" and "Rebel Gray,"
Come dress your ranks, united,
And march with Freedom's broad array
Where Freedom's wrongs are righted!
The "ballot pure" will free us, sure,
From foreigners' domination,
While silver bright will gild our fight
And dazzle the rogues of our nation!

The concluding contribution is from Miss S. V. Barry and speaks for itself:

Song of the Silver Knight.

Air: "O'Connell's March."

(*After the "Spirit of the Nation."*)

Hail to brave Bryan!
Liberty's lion!
Tyrants tremble when he shakes his mane!
Oh, blest is his promise
To banish from us
Knaves who'd bind us with a golden chain:
Lo! the people's hosts advancing
Forming freedom's victor line;
See! the star flag proudly glancing
O'er our Knight of th' Argentine!
Down with the bold thugs,
The Wall street gold bugs,
Speculators and schemers fine—
Oh, muster all you, men,
Brave hosts of true men,
Vote for the Knight of th' Argentine!

They blame his youth, boys,
And burning truth, boys,
The knaves who'd scout him and cry him down,
While his people's bosoms
Are nursing blossoms
To grace his brow with a victor crown!
Hark the voice of Jackson ringing,
As it rang in the fights of old!
Hark the voice of Freedom singing,
"Shame on pagans who worship gold!"
Down with the bold thugs,
The Wall street gold bugs,
Who take their cue from beyond the brine!
Oh, to land of the Saxon,
With English packs on,
They'll fly from the Knight of th' Argentine!

In desert old, boys,
A calf of gold, boys,
The faithless worshipp'd instead of God—
But the Prophet's anger
Struck mute their clangor
And Sinai's tablets bestrew'd the sod!
God will feed us freedom's manna—
As of old He fed the Hebrew band—
God will rout the hosts of Hanna
And lead us safe to Promis'd Land!
Down with the bold thugs,
The Wall street gold bugs,
Rally all true men and fall in line!
Oh, stand by your leader,
Fair Freedom's pleader,
Vote for the Knight of th' Argentine!

Where Lincoln sleeps, boys,
Columbia weeps, boys—
"Abe" was our nation's man of men—
Yet her tears will dry, boys,
I'll tell you why, boys—
In Bryan her hero breathes again!
Lo! Columbia's Moses striding
O'er idols crush'd beneath his heel!
Hark fair Freedom's accents chiding
The base who from the poor would steal!
Down with the bold thugs,
The Wall street gold bugs,
They who will heed not the law divine,
Oh, steady your lines, boys,
While Liberty shines, boys,—
Vote for her Knight of th' Argentine!

S. V. B.

We hope Major McKinley will not "kick" because his poetical ratio is only as one to two. He may be thankful it isn't one to sixteen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"N. Kennedy," Oshkosh, Wis.: THE CITIZEN has received your impertinent letter. If you owe ten dollars to THE CITIZEN, as you acknowledge, why don't you pay it or confess you are either unwilling, or unable, to do so? You have been repeatedly billed, in common with other delinquent subscribers, and we intend to keep billing you until you pay. We have stood enough of imposition from insolent people like you. Put up or shut up. If THE CITIZEN is an "abominable paper" and "a nuisance" it took you a long time to find it out. It is time enough for you to find fault with it when you pay for it. Don't be too much of a "smart Alec."

"Thomas Sullivan," city: Whoever told you THE CITIZEN is a Republican or Democratic paper was talking through his hat. Unless he is a fool or a knave, he knows better. It has always been an Independent paper. It is true that it supported the late James G. Blaine openly and avowedly when he ran for President in 1894, but three-fourths of the Irish-American population did the same thing. In supporting Blaine it put on no party collar. It supported him because he was the greatest American of the period, and deserved the support of every journal and every man, who placed country before party.

"Thomas O'Connor, City.—The son of American parents, who have not renounced allegiance to the United States, although he may be born in a foreign country, while his parents are traveling or officially resident in such foreign country, would be eligible to the presidency of the United States. This would apply to the sons of ambassadors, consuls, etc., and also to traveling Americans generally. We know of no other exceptions to the provision of the constitution which renders American nativity essential to the office of chief magistrate.

CANDIDATES FOR STATE OFFICES.

John R. Tanner.

Candidate for Governor, is a typical American citizen, and an ideal nominee of his party. Born in Warrick county, Ind., in 1844, he secured the education of the average farmer boy, and early laid the foundation of that sturdy and patriotic manhood which he has since exhibited. He was a gallant soldier in Illinois regiments, and served with distinction for the Union. Subsequently he purchased farm land in Clay county, where he still tills the soil. He has always been a worker among the people; he has hauled cordwood and run a saw mill, and has done every kind of manual labor which commends a man to the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. He has held office by the choice of the people and by executive selection, and he was faithful and honest to every trust. Whether as Sheriff of his home County of Clay, as Senator from the then Forty-fourth District, as Treasurer of the State of Illinois, as Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner, and as Sub-Treasurer of the Federal government at Chicago, he discharged the duties of office in a manner to earn official and popular commendation.

The banner of his party will not be lowered in his hands, and the high standard of public service, so long maintained by the long line of able governors of his party in this state, will continue to be rigidly maintained by Mr. Tanner, if he should be elected. His known pride of character, his sleepless vigilance in devotion to public duties, his knowledge of men, his broad views upon public questions, and his close acquaintance with the public affairs of this state all unite to assure the people of the state that no taint of corruption, no lapse of duty, no inefficiency, will make any one blush for having cast a ballot for him in the year of grace, 1896.

James S. McCullough.

It is not needful to say anything at length in behalf of the nominee for Auditor of Public Accounts. An empty sleeve supplemented by a copper button speaks eloquently of patriotic and meritorious service for three years to preserve the nation, and the people of the County of Champaign have spoken every four years since 1873, and elected him continuously County Clerk.

The veteran James S. McCullough will prove as popular in the state at large as he is at home. As Auditor he will be a model official, for he will conduct the office on the same systematic business methods that have characterized his service in one position for nearly a quater of a century.

Henry L. Hertz.

The Republican candidate for State Treasurer is not a stranger to the people of Illinois. He was before the people for the same position in 1892, but was defeated with the other Republican candidates for state offices, who went down in the "big landslide." He is much better known in Chicago and Cook county. He has served in various capacities; has been a bank clerk, farm hand, and Coroner for Cook county for two terms. Mr. Hertz was an honest and competent official, and no man elected to any office by the people ever served them more faithfully than he did. The fact that for the second time the Republicans of Cook county were unanimously in favor of him for the office, is the highest recommendation he can bring to the people of the state at large.

William A. Northcott.

William A. Northcott is worthy of second place on the ticket for which he was nominated. He is well equipped to perform all of the duties pertaining to the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and they are often arduous, delicate and responsible. He was educated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and fortunately for himself and this State came to Illinois, from Tennessee. He is a lawyer by profession, and has been four times elected States Attorney of Bond county. He was appointed Supervisor of the Census of the Seventh Illinois District in 1880, and in 1890 was selected as a member of the Board of Visitors to the United States Naval Academy. A good parliamentarian, a hard worker, and faithful to the principles of his party, he deserves, and, no doubt, will receive, hearty and enthusiastic support.

James A. Rose.

As candidate for Secretary of State there is the eloquent James A. Rose, of Pope County. He is a lawyer of ability, one of the most conspicuous figures in State affairs in Southern Illinois. He has been largely interested in the cause of education, was superintendent of schools of Pope County and a trustee of the Reform School at Pontiac. Gov. Fifer made him a Commissioner of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary at Chester, and be it said to the credit of that Administration that Gov. Fifer never had an incompetent or unfaithful official in this or any other State Institution. Mr. Rose has also served as States Attorney of Pope County. He will bring to the office of Secretary of State, if elected, experience in public duties, and capacity and disposition to discharge them in the interest of the people.

Edward C. Akin.

One of the brainiest, cleanest and ablest attorneys in Illinois is Edward C. Akin, candidate for Attorney General. He is a native Illinoisan, born in Will County in 1852, was educated in the public schools of Joliet and at Ann Arbor, Michigan. For four years he was paying and receiving teller in the First National Bank of Joliet. He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and has continued in active practice ever since. He began his political career in 1887, when he was nominated as the Republican candidate for City Attorney of Joliet, and although the city was at that time Democratic from 500 to 600, he defeated the Democratic nominee by a majority of 716.

In 1888 he was nominated for States Attorney of Will County, and at the ensuing election led the entire state and county ticket by 800 votes. In 1892 he was renominated for that office and again led his ticket by hundreds of votes, and is credited by the leaders of both political parties with having saved the county ticket from defeat. His most brilliant political victory was achieved in 1895, when he ran as candidate for Mayor of the city of Joliet. Although opposed by a Citizens' ticket led by a Republican, he defeated the Democratic nominee by a majority of 260 votes, receiving nearly as many votes as both his opponents combined. As a lawyer he stands among the leaders at the Northern Illinois bar. As a public prosecutor he has no superior in the state and his conduct of municipal affairs has won for him the admiration of all good citizens, regardless of party affiliations. He is a man of high character and sterling integrity, and although he has been prominently before the people of his county for the past ten years, no breath of suspicion has ever been cast upon his private life or official acts. He will, if elected, make a good Attorney General, for which position he is qualified by education and experience.

The University Trustees.

Mrs. Mary T. Carriel is the wife of Dr. H. F. Carriel, of Jacksonville, and the only daughter of Professor J. B. Turner, widely known throughout the state as an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln. It was Professor Turner who first started the movement which resulted in the founding of the State University at Champaign. Mrs. Carriel was born in Jacksonville, which has always been her home. She graduated from the Jacksonville Female Academy, and subsequently was teacher of latin and mathematics in the Jacksonville "Athenæum." Her associates are equally active in promoting educational interests.

T. J. Smith is a lawyer. He has been practicing that profession continuously for twenty years. Mr. Smith was born in Preston County, Virginia, in 1836. He has lived in Illinois since 1855. Soon after his arrival here he was elected Superintendent of Schools in Clay County, where he settled and resided until after the war. At the close of his term as superintendent he entered the army and remained there until the surrender of Lee. Soon after returning home he moved to Champaign.

F. M. McKay is at present principal of the Andersen School, Chicago. Previous to the placing of a lady on the Board of Education, two years ago, Mr. McKay had been a member of it for ten years. He was born in Madison County, Indiana, moving to La Salle County at an early age, and lived on a farm until the age of 21, is a graduate of the University at Champaign, working his way through college, graduating with highest honors, and is 44 years of age. He has been engaged in school work the past eighteen years. He is the author of the law making the trustees elective instead of a body appointed by the Governor. He likewise was mainly instrumental in the passage of the law whereby each county in the state has one free scholarship in the University.

AID FOR IRISH PRISONERS.

Notwithstanding the raging storm of Sunday night, Oct. 18, hundreds of patriotic men and women assembled at the Academy of Music in New York to aid the Irish Political Prisoners' Fund. The fund is in charge of an association composed of representatives from the various Irish patriotic, beneficial and social societies of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. The officers of the association are: Gen. James R. O'Beirne, president; James O'Sullivan, vice-president; Edward O'Flaherty, treasurer; and John J. Joyce, secretary. The fund is for the benefit of the Irish political prisoners recently released. Two of these unfortunate men, Dr. Gallagher and Murphy, better known as Whitehead, are now in the insane asylum at Amityville, L. I., living testimonials to the tortures inflicted upon Irish political victims in English dungeons. Gen. O'Beirne presided at the meeting and delivered an address, which brought frequent bursts of applause from the audience. Gen. O'Beirne said in part:

"With the fortifying influences and patronage of this vast, refined and influential assemblage, the representatives of over 110 Irish societies, have met in this grand Academy of Music as American citizens on this holy Sabbath day in the name of blessed Christianity and humanity to provide ways and means for the befriending, relief and sustainment of our heroic brothers who have been released as Irish political prisoners from British dungeons. As president of these societies and this glorious meeting a few words from me may not be amiss to tell you why we are here tonight. The story is not a new one. But in this, the closing bright and marvelous hours, which make the end of the nineteenth century resplendent in art, science, progressive government, and the humanizing as well as the exalting of the human race, wherever America's sweet and ennobling liberty is shared, we are called to place before the bar of public opinion the enormity of England's cruelty to our brothers, albeit they were also American citizens, who have been confined for thirteen years in British dungeons. Let us, for the sake of avoiding argument maintained on an issue of guilt in some quarters, agree that England had a right, under her police regulations and the laws of her empire, to arrest and imprison Dr. Callagher, Whitehead, Daly and Deveney, now released, as well as their brave compatriots who still linger in British prisons.

"Is there any warrant in law, or any excuse in the prison enactments for guarding prisoners, which will permit for a moment the horrible cruelties and brutal treatment practiced on these defenseless, though gallant and fearless men? We have been told much about the civilization and christianity of the government of Great Britain, whose dynasties have had the light and education of centuries. We are called on to consider, in our charitable mission of tonight, the most frightful atrocities, and the most cruel violence—just a little short of murder—which the British government, the boasted exponent and champion of fair play, justice and mercy, has practiced relentlessy in the safety and secrecy of its accursed prisons, on harmless unoffending Christian men and heroes for thirteen years past or more. Do I need truthful and unprejudiced witnesses? They are around me here in the persons of O'Meagher Condon, Capt. Augustine E. Costello and O'Donovan Rossa."

After passing in rapid but graphic review over the history of Ireland, Mr. O'Beirne continued:

"We have met in behalf of our brothers, who have suffered sorely in mind and body for their love of the old land that bore us. Though no guilt was fairly proven against them, and though Scotland Yard executed the usual conspiracy of falsely accusing them, so as to procure their incarceration, yet they are folded again to our arms as American brothers, safe again in our hearts under American protection, and we will see that no suffering or danger comes to them. If the Almighty will vouchsafe the return of their shattered minds and physical forces, we will start them again in life under the broad aegis of the Star-Spangled Banner, and in the meantime we shall provide for their comfort, support and the amelioration of their condition. In the words of one of young Ireland's poets:

"'There's not a man in all the land
Our country now can spare,
The strong man with his sinewy hand,
The weak man with his prayer,
No whining tone of mere regret,
Young Irish bards for you,
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do.'"

The Hon. James Fitzgerald followed Gen. O'Beirne. His address was a scathing arraignment of the English judiciary system.

The musical programme consisted of Irish songs and selections rendered by well-known artists. Mr. Edward O'Mahony, the well-known basso, won the audience by his masterly rendition of "The Irish Hurrah." Miss M. Gallagher sang "O'Donnell Aboo" with fine spirit, and Mr. Joseph N. Sheehan pleased all with "The Minstrel Boy." Miss Lucy Caresse, the harpist, won great applause. The Hon. Judge John VanHoren made an address. The star musical feature of the evening was the singing of Mrs. Jennie Campbell Keough. She brought the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm with "The Green Old Flag," and the encore, "Green and Gold." The meeting adjourned with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chiun Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

Rainidh an dóirseóir chuca, agus fiafraigheas cia h-iad féin. "Dias do mhuintir Fhinn mhic Cúmhaill," ar Diorraing. "Sgeo nimbe agus urbhrughadh orraibh," ar an dóirseóir. "Is olc adhbhar bhur d-torus do'n bhaile-sí, óir as é Fionn do mharbh athair agus máthair agus ceathrar dearbhráithre fhir an bhaile-sí, agus athair agus máthair a mhná, agus is é tá 'san m-baile-sí leonán Chinn Shléibhe ris a n-abartar Conán Chinn Shúmaire; óir as é Fionn thug go h-Eirinn ar d-tús é, as súmaire mara ruadh leis ar tráigh Locha Lúirg do iarraidh mhic an loin, eadhon, an cloidheamh; agus ba fíor na fála sin do dheanamh le Fionn."

Is ann sin téid an dóirseóir tar ais, agus fochtus Conán toichim agus tuarasgbháil na buidhne san douus de. "Atá óglaoch forrusda fionn-liath ann," ar sé, "fearamhamhail, furranta, fiorbhaiseach, féidhmiáidir, go maise croths agus deilbh, agus as é is mó do mhilleadhibh, agus as léidre do lasochaibh, agus as áilne do'n drong daonna doineanda; agus cú chraosach chinnbhig, ucht-fhionn, thárrleabhair, go rosg n-dreagan, go n-ingnibh onchon, go louais leombain, go nimh naithreach, agus go fioch n-deabhtha uirthe, iona láimh: agus slabhra snamach seanairgid go muince dír fhoir-loisgthe fó na brighaid; agus óglaoch eile, donn, dreachdhearg, déid-gheal, iona fhochair; agus soigh bhallach bhuidhe, for shiabhra fionn-dreinge iona láimh."

"Is maith thugais a d-tuarasgbháil fhriot," ar Conán, "agus do bheirim aithne orra; óir as é Fionn fiaith-feinne O'Baoisgne an fear sin ar d-tús, agus Bran iona láimh; agus Diorraing mac Dombardámhaidh an fear eile, agus Sgeolaing iona láimh; éirgidh go luaith agus léig asteach iad!" Léiglos: agus do rinneadh dmhal-fhosaidh dhóibh: agus do gabhadh a n-airm as a lámhaibh agus d'ollmhaidhe fleadh fiormhaiseach dhóibh; gur ba séghach soimheanmach d'á éis iad.

Is amhlaidh do bhi Conán agus a bhean ar a ghualainn, agus a inghion chrotbach chaomhailuinn ar a ghualainn eile, eadhon. Fiandeilbh inghion Chonáin; agus ba áighmhéil éagcosg na h-inghine sin: óir ba ghile ná sneachta geal aon-oidhche gach ball d'á ballaibh agus d'á caomh chneas: chomh dearg re full laoigh ceachtar a dhá ghruadh, chomh dubh re droim daoil ceachtar a dhá maladh, dalth an óir forloisgthe ar a folt fada fionn-dhoitheach, gormghlaise na bungha a dhá rosg; rineamhuis mar ba freas do niamhanaibh iona ceann, ba dheirge ná grios partáin deirg a beal blasda binn-bhriathrach, brat cuana ceathair-bheannach caomh uimpe, agus teó airgid finn-ghil fá'n m-brat ós a bán-bhruinnibh.

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

The porter thereupon presented himself, and asked who they were. "We are two of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's people," replied Diorraing. "May poison and a crushing into pulp be your portion," exclaimed the porter, "your visit to this place is unfortunate: because it was Fionn who killed the father, mother and four brothers of the owner of this place, as also the father and mother of his wife; and he who lives here is Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe, who is also called Conan of Ceann Sumaire, because it was Fionn that first brought him to Eire from Sumaire of the Red Sea, on the margin of Loch Lurg, when he was in search of *Mac-an-Loin*, i. e., his sword; it is true that all these acts of treachery have been perpetrated by Fionn."

The porter thereupon returned; Conan asked him the quality and description of the parties at the gate. "There is," replied he, "a young, courteous, fair-haired, manly, puissant, truly-handsome hero, powerful in action, whose shape and countenance is formed in beauty's mould; he is the largest of heroes, the most powerful of champions, and the most beautiful of the human race: he leads a ferocious, small-headed, white-breasted, sleek-haunched hound, having the eyes of a dragon, the claws of a wolf, the vigor of a lion, the venom of a serpent angered to speedy action, by a massy chain of old silver attached to a collar of brightly-burnished gold around his neck. There is another brown-haired, ruddy-faced, white-toothed man with the former; he is leading a yellow-spotted hound by a chain of bright brass, which he holds in his hand."

"It is a good description you have given of them," said Conan, "as I thereby know them; for he is Fionn O'Baoisgne, the Fenian prince whom you first (described), and it is Bran he leads; the other man is Diorraing, son of Domhardamhaidh, and it is Sceoluing he leads in his hand. Hasten to admit them." They were therefore accordingly admitted, and received with great respect. Their arms were received out of their hands, and a sumptuous feast was prepared for them, so that they enjoyed themselves pleasantly and happily on the occasion.

Conan was situated as follows: his wife sat by his shoulder on one side, while his elegantly-moulded, gracefully-mild daughter, named Finndealbh, sat on the other. The appearance of the young girl was truly astonishing: for fairer than the pure snow of one night was every limb of her body and her graceful neck; her cheeks glowed with as deep a crimson as dyes the blood of a young heifer; both her brows were dark as the sheen of jet; her long-tendrilled hair shone like pure burnished gold; her eyes, blue as the flower of the *bagha*, glistened like pearls in their sockets; redder than the berry of the mountain ash were her sweetly-sounding, correctly-speaking lips; and an elegant, fine, four-cornered mantle, bound above her fair breast with a bodkin of bright silver, enveloped her.

(LE SHEITH LEANTA)

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 144.

Company K, Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., is hereby disbanded, and Captain Charles McAdams is ordered to turn in to the Quartermaster all property of the company belonging to the State of Illinois. Honorable discharges are granted to the enlisted men. Maj. George Meehan is hereby detailed to muster in a new company to be designated Co. K, Seventh Infantry, I. N. G.

E. J. HILTON, Adjt.-General.

Lieut. O'Hare, of Co. L, won a distinguished sharpshooters' medal at the late rifle competition at Camp Logan rifle range.

On Monday evening, Oct. 19, at a meeting at the Armory, the Non-Commissioned Officers' Association was formed, and the constitution and by-laws, as drafted by Sergt. Edward White, was adopted. The object of the organization is to promote the social, physical and intellectual welfare of the non-commissioned officers of the Seventh Regiment, it being the intention to hold entertainments, etc., with the view of drawing the non-commissioned officers closer together, which cannot fail to be of benefit to the regiment. The following officers were elected: President, Sergt. Edward White; Vice-President, Sergt.-Maj. Kelly; Treasurer, Sergt. J. J. Lamb; Financial Secretary, Sergt. Thomas C. White; Recording Secretary, Sergt. J. J. Nolan; Editor, Corp. John McGillen; Sergt-at-Arms, Sergt. Edward J. Healy. The Board of Directors, consisting of seven members, will be elected at the next meeting, on Monday evening, Nov. 2. All commissioned officers were declared eligible to election as honorary members. It is the intention to have the association incorporated at once, and with the number of officers who signed the membership roll and the interest exhibited, I predict the association to be a great success. The Adjutant, Capt. Cassidy, whose idea it was to form the association, has received many assurances that it was a move in the right direction, and received much praise from friends of the regiment for his efforts, which have been so successful.

I am personally delighted to see the interest taken in the school conducted by Sergt.-Maj. Kelly, and predict that by next summer the Seventh Regiment will have the best lot of non-commissioned officers of any regiment in the State.

Lieut. McConologue, late of Co. I, has been elected Lieutenant in Co. B of the Second Regiment, which leaves a vacancy in Co. I.

I understand that Sergt. Tobin is shortly to become a benedict. Congratulations. MAC.

COMPANY "L," Seventh Infantry, I. N. G., will give a military reception and ball at the armory, Lake street and Michigan avenue, this (Saturday) evening, Oct. 31—Hallowe'en. The music will be by the Seventh Regiment band.

"I Have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla for liver and stomach troubles. I was also poisoned with ivy. Hood's Sarsaparilla has purified my blood and helped me very much."—Frank Glover, Lake View, Station B, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C. B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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650 very heavy and well made Dish Pans, every one perfect, large size, each..... **4cts.**

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Battle Axe Plug Tobacco, per pound	***17 cents***
Bismarck "The Iron Chancellor" Cigar is an elegant cigar, long filler, Havana seed wrapper, box of 50 for..	***$1.00***
New Rolled Oats, per pound	1½ cents
Fancy Selected Crushed Oats, made from 1895 oat crop, per lb	3 cents
Our own Sweet Chocolate, per cake	2½ cents
A 25-lb. box fresh Soda Crackers for	89 cents
A 25-lb. box fresh Oyster Crackers	69 cents
A 10-CENT PACKAGE OF PANCAKE FLOUR ... } A 10-CENT PACKAGE OF BREAKFAST FLAKES ... }	For 5 Cents
A 20-bar box Santa Claus Soap for	49 cents
Imported Capers, per bottle	7 cents
Anglo-Swiss Milk Co. Imperial Cream, per can	9 cents
Hand Picked Navy Beans, per bushel	$1.00
Armour's or Fairbank's Washing Powder	2½ cents
Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder, per pkg	7 cents
3-lb. cans Boston Baked Beans, per can	7 cents
Durkee's Salad Dressing, small bottles	19 cents
Quart cans fancy Table Sirup	7 cents
2-lb. cans Red Cherries for	***6 cents***
German Lentils, per lb	***4 cents***
10 lbs. White Corn Meal	***8 cents***

Wheat Is Advancing, Flour Must Go Up.

We are still selling all Old Wheat Flour, and do not ask you one-half of the advance that the mills have made.

SOME SPECIMEN PRICES ON CAN GOODS

VEGETABLES	Per can.
3-lb. cans Asparagus, California	19 cents
All-the Asparagus	18 cents
2-lb. cans Best Baked Beans	7 cents
2-lb. cans Cisco Lima Beans	6 cents
2-lb. cans Oxford Lima Beans	5 cents
2-lb. cans Standard String Beans	5 cents
2-lb. cans Fancy Stringless Beans	8 cents
2-lb. cans Diamond Fancy Corn	8 cents
2-lb cans Wild Rose Extra Corn	9 cents
Imported Mushrooms	15 cents
2-lb. cans Marrowfat Peas	6 cents
2-lb. cans Early June Peas	7 cents
2-lb. cans Extra Sifted Peas	12½ cents
Imported French Peas	10 cents
3-lb cans Pumpkin	5 cents
3-lb. cans Pie Plant	15 cents
3-lb. cans Spinach	10 cents
2-lb. cans Succotash	15 cents
3-lb. cans Sweet Potatoes	9 cents
3-lb. cans Winter Squash	8 cents
3-lb. cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	5½ cents
3-lb. cans Fancy Color Solid Packed Tomatoes	6½ cents

CANNED FRUITS.	
3-lb. cans Apples	5 cents
Gallon cans Apples	15 cents
Gallon cans Apricots	19 cents
2-lb. cans Blackberries	8 cents
2-lb. cans Blueberries	8 cents
2-lb. cans California Apricots	12½ cents
2-lb. cans Red Cherries	9 cents
2-lb. cans California Black Cherries	15 cents
3-lb. cans White Eastern Table Peaches	7½ cents
3-lb. cans Yellow Eastern Table Peaches	9 cents
3-lb. cans California Table Peaches	10 cents
3-lb. cans Grated Pineapples	9 cents
2-lb. cans Fancy Sliced and Grated Pineapples	15 cents
2-lb. cans Gladiator Pears	13 cents
2-lb. cans Raspberries	9 cents
2-lb. cans Preserve Strawberries	10 cents

After-Dinner Java Coffee.

Ground ready for use, per lb	25 cents
Packed in 4-lb. Bright Air-tight Cans	$1.50
Packed in 25-lb Air-tight Wood Drums	$6.25
Packed in 70-lb. Air-tight Wood Drums	$17.50
And we have other Coffees, for instance:	
Cereal Blend Roasted Coffee, per lb	14 cents
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb	14 cents
Good Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	17 cents
Fancy Roasted Santos Coffee, per lb	20 cents

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15-lb. pails Fruit Jelly	29 cents
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Half pints Home-made Catsup	4 cents
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Best Worcestershire Sauce	9 cents
27-oz. bottle Spanish Queen Olives	25 cents
Bulk Gelatine, per lb	49 cents
Furniture Glue, per lb	15 cents
Old and dry Popcorn, per lb	5 cents
Black Walnuts and Hickory Nuts, just as you used to gather them from the trees, per lb	5 cents
Best Dairy Butterine, per lb	11 cents
9-lb. pails Fancy Butterine	$1.25
15 bars best quality Securing Soap	25 cents
A 6-oz. bottle Best Tooth Wash	10 cents
250 Envelopes for	15 cents
Finest Selected Rolled Wheat, per lb	5½ cents
A 15-gal. keg Sauerkraut	$1.49
A 10-gal. keg Cider Vinegar	$1.25
A 50-lb box Dried Apples	$3.75
1-lb. packages Laundry Starch	3 cents
3-lb. boxes fine Laundry Starch	25 cents
A 6-lb. box best Laundry Starch	39 cents
C. & C. German Mottled Soap, 60 bars for	$1.49
Fairbank's Best Family Soap, 10 bars for	25 cents
Finest Imported Sultana Raisins, per lb	14 cents
Finest Shelled Almonds, per lb	25 cents
Finest Select Citron, per lb	14 cents
Lemon and Orange Peel	9 cents
Layer Figs, per lb	6 cents
Pitted Cherries, per lb	11 cents
Fancy Evaporated Raspberries	25 cents
1-lb cans Baking Powder	9 cents
Swiss Cheese, Brick Cheese, Limburger Cheese, American Cheese	Per lb., 9 cents
Neufchatel Cheese, each	3 cents
Roquefort Cheese, per lb	25 cents
Roasted Java Coffee, per lb	27 cents
Fancy Roasted Old Government Java Coffee, per lb	35 cents

SOME DRUGS.

Piso's Cough and Consumption Cure, 75c bottle for	12 cents
Glycerine and Rose Water, 15c bottle for	9 cents
Allcock's Porous Plasters	9 cents
$1 bottle Celery Nervine	39 cents
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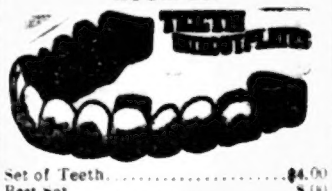

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"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,
"And sit you safely down."
"Oh, your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the night is wondrous lown."
"Yes, dark, dark is my secret bower,
And lown the midnight may be.
For there is none waking in a' this tower
But thou, my true love, and me."

* * * * * * *

Bludy, bludy are her hands,
And drumly is her e'e,
The red heart's blude of her own true love
Runs trickling down his knee.
She is mounted on her true love's steed,
By the ae licht o' the moon.
She has whipped him and has spurred him,
And roundly she rade frae the toun.
She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but ane,
When she was aware of a tall young man
Slow riding ower the plain.
And he was riding burd-alane
On a horse as black as jet;
But, though she followed him fast and fell,
Nae nearer could she get.
"Oh, stop, oh, stop, young man!" she said,
"For I in dule am dight!
Oh, stop and win a fair lady's luve
If ye be a leal true knight."
But nothing did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin',
Until he reached a broad river's side,
And there he drew his rein.
The knight spurred on his tall black steed,
The lady spurred on her brown,
And faster they rade into the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.
"The water weets my feet," she said,
"The water weets my knee.
Hold up my bridal reins, Sir Knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."
"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin,
For I've sworn ne'er to trust to a fair maid's word
Till the water weets her chin."
"Oh, the water weets my waist," she said,
"See does it weet my skin,
And my aching heart rins roundabout,
The burn maks sic a din.
Oh, help me now, thou fause, fause knight!
Have pity on my youth!
For now the water jaws ower my heid,
And it gurgles in my mouth."
The knight turned slowly roundabout,
All in the middle stream,
And he stretched out his head to that ladye,
And loudly she did scream.
"Oh, this is Hallow morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal day,
But sad would be that gay wedding
If bridegroom and bride were away.
And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,
Till the water comes o'er your bree,
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet
Wha rides this flood wi' me!
Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn round and look on me!
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links on wi' thee."

—Anon.

A WIDOW OF SCIENCE.

From every point of view the faculty of Abercrombie college had good reason to rejoice at the addition of Dr. Nathan Brown to their ranks. He was a thorough gentleman, with a substantial education, and, moreover, was a pre-eminent scholar in his own chosen field of sociology. Indeed, so zealously had he given himself to sociological investigations that it was a constant source of wonder to the ladies of the faculty that he had ever found time to fall in love and be married.

"Truly," the president's wife was heard to declare at a select afternoon reception a month after the new professor's advent—"truly, I believe he did it purely as a means of investigating a social condition! He lays such stress upon personal inquiry into all sociological problems, you know."

"If that was the case, how did he ever come to marry so charming a woman? To be consistent and understand the lot of the average man he ought to have chosen a servant girl or a factory hand," responded the hostess. But the suggestion of the president's wife was remembered, and as time went on assumed the proportions of a fact.

As has been already stated, Dr. Brown was a thorough student in his own particular line of work. He had studied under the most eminent sociologists in the universities of America and Europe, and, in addition to this, he had at various times acted in the capacity of an English coal miner, a French silk weaver and a German tramp. He had not as yet felt the necessity of entering any American industry, but as he threw himself with increasing energy into his work at Abercrombie college he became convinced that his ignorance of the problems peculiar to American capital and labor disqualified him for teaching American college boys.

Therefore he resolved to employ his first leisure moments in actual life with the workingmen. This opportunity came during the winter recess, for at that time there was trouble brewing between the coal handlers in the little city where Abercrombie college was situated. So one bright morning he bade his wife goodby, telling her that business called him away for a week, and perhaps it might detain him longer, and she must not worry if he was gone a fortnight. Then he ran for his car, forgetting, as she thought, to give her his address.

A few hours later, in complete disguise, Dr. Brown had engaged to cart coal for one of the leading firms of the city and was making strenuous efforts to join the Coal Heavers' union, that he might learn the true inwardness of the great strike that was in preparation.

Nearly a week passed, fruitful in much hard work, many pains and a mass of original material for a new treatise upon the "Theory of Strikes," when an exciting incident occurred. An order for a load of stove coal was sent in from Mrs. Dr. Nathan Brown, 55 Abercrombie avenue. Mike Riley and Dr. Brown (known on the books as Jim Brown) were detailed to fill the order. For the first time in the week the doctor felt uncomfortable. Would his wife recognize him? And, if she did, what would she say? However, he consoled himself that he would hardly be likely to see her, and, thanks to the severe cold in his head, his voice could by no means betray him to the unsuspecting Bridget. All things promised to go smoothly, for as they were ascending the hill with their heavy load they met Mrs. Brown coming down. Contrary to her usual habit, she was wearing a veil, and as Dr. Brown looked at her he fancied he detected traces of tears, and he resolved that very night to return home. Really he wanted to see his wife very much, and never in his life had he spent so homesick an hour as during the one in which he went in and out of his own cellar, carrying his own coal. At last a bold thought came to him, and, watching his opportunity, he rushed up to his dressing room, determined to get some clean linen. As he started back with his little bundle his way was blocked by his wife and her sister, who had evidently just arrived from the station.

"Oh, Annie, I am so glad you are here, for I am so lonely!" his wife was saying. "Nathan has been gone since Monday and didn't tell me where to write to him, and I haven't heard a word from him. I know something dreadful must have happened, and I—oh, Annie, Bridget! Police! Thieves! Burglars!"

Both women had caught sight of him and shrieked aloud. Bridget added her stentorian voice, and a policeman, who by some strange conspiracy was passing the house, came rushing up. In vain did Dr. Brown try to explain. The ladies were too thoroughly frightened to give him due attention. The policeman only laughed when he protested:

"But I am Dr. Brown. I live here."

"Ye're a bloke, ye are! A foine doctor yez be! Come along wid yer, now, and be quiet now, or I'll"—

Dr. Brown was accordingly thrown into the common jail until the next morning's session. He afterward said that he could have had no better chance to study our penal institutions than he had during that afternoon and evening, but, strangely enough, he was unable to improve this golden opportunity. Of course he easily succeeded in proving his identity the next morning. His wife tried, without success, to extract a promise from him never to do so again, but she had to be content with a declaration that he would tell her in the future where and how he was going.

"If you don't," his wife said, "I shall surely be arresting you again, or else I shall invite every tramp and burglar I meet into the house, expecting him to turn out to be you."

It was some time before his social researches led him again to such a study of real life. There were several reasons for this, among them the pressure of his lecture room duties and the absorbing psychological study of the little son that came into his home soon after.

But the sharp criticism by some short-sighted philanthropic people called forth by an article of his concerning tramps stirred him to the depths, and he resolved to spend a few days in trampdom, that he might speak from personal experience. Mrs. Brown looked dubious when he first mentioned it, but there was no way but to consent. For the first few days she scarcely dared look at a tramp, lest by her scrutiny of him she might betray her husband. She feared that in some way she might meet him and wondered as to the result if she did.

It was only a few days afterward that several of the neighbors invited her to join them in a picnic to one of the wooded glens not far from the city. The day was a beautiful one, and in groups of two or three they were tempted to wander farther and farther up the glen. Suddenly Mrs. Brown noticed a man who was evidently trying to attract her attention. She was startled for an instant, then through the perfect disguise she recognized her husband and stepped forward to speak to him. But her companion was frightened and called to some of the gentlemen and insisted on returning to the carriages at once.

"Well," said one of the party, "that evidently means that we are near one of their 'hang outs,' I suppose. I never heard of a tramp who was so fond of nature that he wandered into the woods for the pure fun of it. The police are trying to break up these tramp dens, and I'll have a posse of men sent up here tomorrow to hunt them out."

Mrs. Brown was in despair. Suppose they should come and her husband should be arrested again? And then, what revenge would the tramps take upon her husband when they learned the truth? Her husband had so impressed upon her the suspicious character of hoboes that visions of sand bagging, midnight robberies and incendiary fires whirled in confusing succession through her brain. Was there no way by which she could warn him and induce him to leave this den of iniquity? She could devise no plan, but before they reached home there came up a violent thunderstorm which settled into such a heavy downpour that no one ever thought of stopping at the police station, and if they had no party could have started then. During the night, to her great joy, she was awakened by a shower of stones on her window. She rushed down stairs to admit a rain drenched individual whom she greeted enthusiastically.

"Oh, Nathan, dear, I am so glad! Go right up stairs, and you'll find sand soap and carbolic acid in the bathroom, and, oh, darling, drop all those rags out on the grass and I'll get you some decent clothes. No—not now—I'll give you two kisses as soon as you've got one layer of dirt off."

A day or two later the officers did search the glen. After much trouble they found the rendezvous and arrested five tramps. As soon as he heard of the arrest Dr. Brown visited the jail and tried to interview the men, but they were too wary to reveal anything bordering on the truth. But neither could they recognize the jolly Jack Schnapps in the elegant professor, who, eyeglasses on nose and notebook in hand, strove so earnestly to learn their histories.

Thereafter the doctor's sociological experiments increased in frequency. Sometimes he invaded the sweater dens; then he studied factory life or visited, in the guise of a workman, some well known coal mine.

"So you are alone again, Mrs. Brown?" remarked the president's wife one day.

"Yes, I am a widow of science again for awhile. I do hope science profits by it. Really I hadn't any idea that there were so many industries in America or that each one was so heavily burdened with a problem. It seems as if there was nothing left for Dr. Brown to investigate personally unless it is the German band. Dear me, why did I think of that? Now I am afraid the mania will break out in that direction.

Indeed, Mrs. Brown's speech proved prophetic, for it was scarcely a month afterward that the doctor announced his intention of joining one. "I can't quite make up my mind to turn into an Italian organ grinder," he said. "They use their stilettos too freely. Besides I am afraid I couldn't transform myself into an Italian without having my disguise discovered, while I know I can become a German to all intents and purposes."

So it came about that he wandered around the small city, playing in front of residences where he was unusually a welcome guest and demanding money from his warmest personal friends. One day the route of his band was changed so that it included Abercrombie avenue, and he found himself blowing his mightiest on a cracked cornet under his own study windows. He was inwardly smiling at the memory of certain vigorous onslaughts he had often made upon the musical disturbers of his peace when his wife herself appeared on the piazza. She beckoned to him, and, at a signal from his leader, he went to her, holding out his hand and asking in broken English for a dime. Suddenly in the doorway appeared the huge form and jolly face of his greatest college friend, Gerald Morris, the man of all whom he longed to see. Gerald burst into a roar of laughter, rushed down the steps and seized the doctor by both shoulders. "Great Scott," said he, "you are well disguised! I never expected to see you in this role. But, old man, can't you leave it for a few hours? I must catch the 6 o'clock limited, and I really must have a visit with you."

Of course the doctor would become himself again. But there was great consternation among the German band when they discovered who their quondam member was, and they were scarcely pacified by the exorbitant fees which they received individually and collectively.

Up to this time the results of Dr. Brown's experiments had been purely scientifical and comical. But he entered upon a career fraught with greater danger when he joined a labor union. For more than a year he attended their meetings, taking little part in their deliberations beyond voting with the majority and crying "Here, here!" to the speeches from time to time. Then a sympathetic strike was begun, and matters waxed hot. He had been away from home for several weeks, going about with the strikers and even acting as one of the walking delegates. The crisis had come, and the strikers knew it. That evening while Dr. Brown was shouting himself hoarse in his exhortations to his fellows a messenger came and insisted on seeing Dr. Brown instantly. The doorkeeper recognized the man as President Greene's coachman and suspected a spy, especially when he overheard the man say that Dr. Brown's son was dying, for Brown was supposed to be an unmarried man. Great was the wrath of the strikers when they knew they had been harboring a spy. Because of him their plans had to be all changed, and the strike became a miserable failure. This the doctor learned afterward, but for a time all thoughts of sociology were banished by the anxiety he felt for his child.

After the child's final recovery the doctor found himself a marked man. He was constantly shadowed; his house was often broken into and once or twice set on fire. One dark night he was attacked in a lonely street and seriously injured. As a result of this revengeful attack he was crippled for life, and the only compensation it brought was that at last he was able to utilize the material he had been so faithfully gathering and wrote a book on "Industrial Problems" which marked an epoch in his science.

"Aren't you glad you are not condemned to be a scientific widow all your life?" asked the president's wife, and Mrs. Brown declared she was.

But she boasted too soon. The force of habit is not easily broken—certainly not by a mere physical accident. After the publication of his book the criticisms and comments it provoked revived the desire to investigate personally that he might be able to say: "Here are the evidences gathered by an eyewitness. Controvert them if you can." Each new evidence of increasing industrial unrest caused the desire to burn more fiercely. At last, during the most obstinate and destructive railroad outbreak of this decade, he could resist his passion no longer. He eagerly mingled with the crowd of strikers as they surged back and forth among the train yards, attacking "scabs" and setting fire to cars and buildings. At last, worn out with his excitement, he tried to work his way out of the crowd, but a burly man, savage with drink, carried him into the very front rank.

The militia had been ordered to scatter the rioters, and at this moment came up. Their order to disperse was met with a shower of bricks and mud, and they fired into the mob. Six men fell, three mortally wounded, and one of these was Dr. Brown. When the ambulance came, he was unable to speak, and there was no way to identify him. At home Mrs. Brown did not have an easy moment. The morning papers announced the riot and closed the account with the statement: "Mortally wounded—Patrick Flannagan, Water street; Thomas Bourne, 1567 Harrison street; unknown, died before reaching the hospital."

Mrs. Brown took the next train. "For I know," she said, "that poor unknown is Nathan, and I cannot rest until I have seen him." She brought the body home sorrowfully. "And yet," she confided to the president's wife just before the funeral, "some way I can't help being reconciled to it, because now I am sure I know just where he is."—Augusta Wright Berle in Boston Herald.

At the beginning of the century Philadelphia had nearly 10,000 more inhabitants than New York. The figures were 70,228 and 60,489.

HOME HAPPINESS.

MRS. LYNN LINTON SAYS IT HAS BECOME SOMEWHAT OBSOLETE.

Dullness and Idleness Have Been Its Worst Foes, She Declares—The Eminent Objector Also Has Her Little Rap at the "Up to Date" Woman.

Once a word by which to conjure, home happiness has of late become somewhat obsolete and out of date. The times are restless, old landmarks have been everywhere disturbed, old habits have been abandoned, and the shibboleths are changed. The charm of quietness has gone, and the main joy of life now consists in excitement and rapid movement. Nothing is too fast for modern requirements, and nothing can stay too short a time. Fashions of every kind are as fleeting as clouds driven by the wind, and the conjurer's "Presto, pass!" emblematizes the incessant transformations of the hour. All sedentary employments are banished from the homes of the well to do, and even music and painting, which once used to beguile the weary hours and amuse the lengthened leisure of the sheltered maid and wife, are now abandoned for the greater attractions of "biking," cricket, the platform or any other semimasculine diversion that includes movement and out of door freedom, with a spice of notoriety to make it the more attractive. With very many the frank confession is—home happiness is a myth. Home has no happiness to give, and "Anywhere but home!" is the cry of the modern sister and daughter.

The strong family feeling that was nourished in the concentration of the quieter life has gone the same way as that quietness, and one of the first endeavors of a girl, after she has returned from her "collegiate career," is to find employment that shall take her from home—remove from her the restraints of family life, give her "work" among strangers and personal liberty as the taproot of all. Her happiness is to be as like a young man as is possible—to copy his dress so far as the police will allow, to imitate his manners, adopt his slang and to have his "experiences," so far as this is possible, considering the difference of sex. Of the old fashioned notions of home seclusion and home happiness she has not a trace. Home is to her synonymous with deadly dullness, and she cannot understand how any one ever found it otherwise. Her mother's advice she despises as ridiculously out of date. Her father knows nothing of the world. Her brothers, if they would check her, are prigs or jealous and "just like men." Her one grand aim is to get away from home as soon as may be and to find her happiness anywhere but under the paternal roof.

It is true that some homes are deadly dull. Where the parents are unsympathetic and self indulgent and have suffered themselves to fall into the very lethargy of selfishness the young people are often at a loss for outlets proper to the vigor of their age and unworn energies. No longer able to participate in the livelier things of life, many parents of this selfish kind are prone to forbid all that they themselves cannot enjoy. They dislike the very contemplation of activities once delightful and now either irksome or impossible, and would reduce to their own low level of decayed vitality all that abounding spring, all that superb freshness and vigor of the younger generation; hence the children are overstrictly kept, and there is not sufficient allowance made for the difference between youth and the other side of maturity—between the natural desire of the unworn young for amusements, experience and "something to do" and that weariness of the wornout flesh which makes pleasure pain, desires to have no more experience and finds in "something to do" unmitigated boredom and fatigue. Such a home is not happy in good sooth, and the more restless spirits run away, while the less energetic content themselves with peevishness, tears, lamentations and grumblings that have no end and do no good.

Nor is the home happy where idleness is the presiding genius. The idle as well as the overrestricted long for that "something to do" without which the energies of youth feed on themselves and turn to poison in the process. An idle household is necessarily discontented and uncomfortable, and when time hangs heavy the chances are that tempers turn sour. It is the way of human nature in general—the law of life being one of active doing, never resting from some form of energy. Else are there the decay and corruption of the organic and the granitic immobility—the unfruitfulness of the inorganic. And here we touch on one of the main points of home happiness—the converse being home misery wherever found. For we may take it as a truth, four square to all the winds of eccentric doctrine that blow, that the main foundations of home happiness are laid in occupation and order. By occupation we do not mean an everlasting round of serious and arduous labor, but a continuity of "something to do"—be it work for one hour and play for another. Idle lives and disorderly habits destroy real peace as surely as rats will destroy the farmyard population in the egg and the chick; as sparrows will pick off the tender heads of the budding blossoms. Who can be happy who has neither method nor occupation, whose times are unfixed and whose hours are unfilled? That old adage about satan finding "some mischief still for idle hands to do" is as true now as when it was first spoken. But we may add to this mischief of the hands the acid blood and sour humors of the heart and temper. In idleness all manner of evil thoughts take root and spring up like tares among the wheat or weeds in the garden.—Mrs. Lynn Linton.

The expressions "Hallelujah" and "Amen" are said to have been introduced into Christian worship by St. about A. D. 390.

A MAN WITH A TOOTHACHE.

Deceit Practiced on the Drug Clerk and by the Clerk.

People who never had a toothache cannot appreciate this story. And people who never had a toothache have no business to brag about their salvation being secure.

The man of this story went to the drug clerk of one of the oldest houses in the city. That is only an incident. He went there because it was nearer than any other drug store.

"I want something," said the sufferer, "to ease my aching tooth. My dentist is out of the city today, and I only want to get something that will stop the pain until he comes back."

That was a cowardly lie. He knew he had no dentist. He knew he had suffered at intervals with that tooth for years and because he was afraid of a dentist. But he did not want the drug man to think he was a coward. So he invented this lie in order to get anything that would give him surcease from pain for the time. He knew if he could do that he would sit down alone somewhere and chuckle to himself that he had won another victory over an old tooth and without seeing a dentist. And he could say, as he had said before to others: "I do not have to go to a dentist. I am my own dentist." There is nothing a man can do of which he will be prouder than knocking out a toothache without resorting to the dentist.

"Which tooth is it?" asked the man in the drug store.

"I don't see what difference that makes to you. Isn't it enough for you to know I have a toothache?"

"If the tooth is a back one and has a cavity, it can be treated with more ease, and I might give you something different for such a tooth. Now, if it is a front"—

"Well, it is not a front one. You guessed it right in the first place. It is a back tooth—a wreck at that—and it has a cavity as big as the end of a water main. Now, what else do you want to know?"

"How long have you had it?"

"Had what—the toothache or the cavity?"

"The toothache."

"Always had it. It was aching when it cut its way through the gum. It has never done anything but ache."

"You said your dentist is treating it?"

"Yes, I did say that. Dog take it, man, what of that? It has taken me 40 years to conclude to have it treated."

"If a tooth of mine acted like that, I would have it out."

"Would you? Say, did you ever have a toothache, and what has this to do with your giving me something for this tooth of mine? What is it to me what you would do?"

"I am fixing you something now that will give you relief until your dentist comes back."

The man with the aching molar chuckled.

"Here is your medicine."

"Well, any directions on the bottle?"

"No. If you have had a toothache often, you will know how to use it. Of course you won't drink it?"

"Well, I have taken drinks for it."

"You never swallowed anything like this. If you had, you wouldn't be here now."

"Is that so? What is it—poison? Why don't you put a skull and crossbones on that label? I'll have you arrested."

"You take a little cotton, saturate it with this and put the cotton in the cavity, and this will give you rest until your dentist returns."

"Well, what is it? I want to know what I am taking for a toothache. You druggists kill more people than the Brooklyn trolley lines. Have you got any cotton to go with it?"

"I can give you some cotton."

"I don't ask you to give it to me. I'll pay."

"Oh, no! We always give a pinch of cotton with a bottle of this medicine."

"Pinch be blowed! I want a bale of it, and I want about a gallon of this remedy. The old thing is just killing me now."

The druggist gave him a ball of cotton, and the customer literally rushed out, forgetting to pick up his change.

"What did you give him?" we asked.

"Water and peppermint."

The next day the customer was on Fifth avenue, when he met a friend, to whom he said:

"I've kept a dentist from making a fee. I don't believe in rushing to a tooth carpenter when I have a toothache. I am my own dentist. I've won again, old man. Cost me a quarter. Let's go in and blow in the difference."—New York Sun.

Horse Beef.

The United States consul at Reims, France, says that English horse meat is put up in cans in Holland, and after American labels are pasted on the cans they are shipped to France and other neighboring countries. When horses in England have become so old and worn-out that they are no longer of any use, they are shipped to the canning factories in Holland. About 26,000 horses are used in this way every year. Of course the stuff is not sold as horse meat, but as fine canned beef.

The Just.

Banaram of Persia bore the enviable title, the Just. The righteousness of his decisions was seldom called in question. This title has been conferred on several monarchs, among them being Casimir II of Poland, Ferdinand I and James II of Aragon, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame, Khosron of Persia, Louis XIII of France, Pedro I of Portugal.

He Changed.

"Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?"

"Oh, yes; he changed his mind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Man Who Wants to Bet.

The man who wants to bet is, unfortunately, extant, with no hope of his impoundment. The man who wants to bet is vigorous, and there is no reason to believe that he will die young.

There is a way of treating this evil successfully—just one way. That is by the Salt Lake method. Once, in a campaign in which John M. Young was interested, a man who looked as though he might have been an understudy for a corn doctor worked his way into the crowd and at a fitting time cried out that he would bet $10,000 that Judge Laney would not be re-elected police magistrate. John M. Young was chief of police, and Laney was a friend of his, and so he took this offer as a sort of political insult to the old flag. He knew the man was bluffing, and so he went over to his office, where there was about ten pounds of confiscated counterfeit bank notes, and shortly after appeared unto the betting man.

"There's your $10,000," he said. "Now you put up."

The man who wanted to bet turned pale and tried to temporize his way out of it, but Young meant business.

"You wanted to bet, and you have got to bet," he said. "Put up."

At this the confession was made by the sporting giant that his wealth would not amount to that figure. To prove it he shamefacedly drew out $7.45 and declared that it in honesty was all he owned in the world. Then the heft of Young's purpose was revealed.

"We'll fix it this way," he said. "You can put that $7.45 against this bunch of money, and that will leave you $9,992.55 to make up. The county jail credits prisoners with $1 a day when they serve terms. I'll just take you in for vagrancy, and I think Judge Laney will see his way clear to helping you to make your bet good." And the man who was so vehement in his desire to put up a fortune was hurried before Judge Laney, and if something has not happened since the admission of Utah as a state he is still over in the jail in South Second street with over 20 years of servitude ahead of him.—Chicago Record.

What Made Her Miserable.

"Darling," he said as he placed his arm around her waist and drew her tenderly to his breast, "why those pearly tears? Is the home that I have brought you to less magnificent than you expected it would be?"

"Oh, n-no," she sobbed. "It is g-grander than I dared to h-hope."

"Have you found since our marriage that I am less exalted than you had supposed me to be?"

"Oh, H-Harold, you are a th-thousand times more exalt-t-ted than I thought you to b-be."

Stooping down, he kissed away two large tears that were trembling upon her long, graceful lashes and asked:

"Has it grieved you to be taken from your parents and the scenes of your childhood, little one?"

"No, no, dear-dearest," she replied. "I would g-gladly go anywhere w-with you."

"Great heavens!" he cried in wild alarm. "Perhaps you are ill. Tell me, is it so, sweetheart?"

"No," she said through a fresh burst of tears, "it is n-not that."

A look of deep perplexity overspread his handsome visage, and, pushing her back so that he could look down into her big, beautiful, tear dimmed eyes, he asked:

"Then what the dickens is the trouble?"

"I was j-just think-thinking," she returned, "how miserable I should be if you were to die and I w-were to marry s-some one who wouldn't appreciate all this magnificence."

He then put his head under the hydrant.—Cleveland Leader.

The Fashionable Cloths.

There is every indication that fine qualities of French and German broadcloth and Venetian and ladies' cloth will be in great use during the fall and winter for entire costumes, princess dresses, redingotes, capes and jackets. The finish of these textiles this year is the finest that has ever been produced. Amazon cloth is another fashionable material. These goods differ from broadcloth in having a semitwilled surface which is not distinct and which does not permit of the lustrous finish characteristic of the high grade broadcloths. They are from 50 to 54 inches wide and cost from $1.40 to $1.75 a yard. The taste for soft, delicate woolens, like India cashmere and henrietta cloth, is never wholly lost, although their attractions may be temporarily obscured by the more pronounced novelty of rough, shaggy, crinkled or repped goods, not a few of which are rather deceptive as to durability, as many have discovered. The refinement that is characteristic of these soft woolens now marks the fashionable dyes among textiles noted above.—New York Correspondent.

Novel Surgical Operation.

A quite novel surgical operation has successfully been perfomed at Parma, Italy, by Professor Verdelli, in the presence of all the physicians of the Parmese hospital, and with very satisfactory results. The new operation was the washing of the heart. It was the first operation of the kind, and Professor Verdelli employed the washing apparatus recently invented by Professor Riva. After making an operative incision Professor Verdelli first cleaned the pericardium of the patient, a 12-year-old boy, of the pus which had accumulated thereon and then proceeded to wash the heart with a strong solution of soda biborate (borax). The operation was very successful, inasmuch as no further complication has arisen. The boy is now doing very well and is on the way to complete recovery. Professor Verdelli has received numerous congratulations for his success with the new operation from surgeons all over Europe.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CZAR'S WIG.

How an Officer Tweaked It and Won a Bet and Position.

Paul, the eccentric czar of Russia assassinated in 1801, was very particular as to his dress, and considered trifling matters as of supreme importance. This peculiarity was once taken advantage of by an officer of the guards, Major Vaksel, to win a bet. The major, the wildest joker in the army, wagered several hundred rubles that he would tweak the tail of the emperor's wig on parade.

The very next day the emperor happened to be present at an early parade, and, as destiny ruled it, took a position for a moment immediately in front of the daring major. Breathless with excitement and terror, Vaksel's companions beheld that rash officer's right hand steal slowly from his side, rise to the level of the czar's neck and give the wig's hanging tail a most decided tweak.

In an instant the emperor's face, pale with fury, was turned upon Vaksel's countenance, which, however, only reflected an expression of childlike innocence, mingled with the most deferential astonishment.

"Who dared to do that?" asked the enraged czar, his eyes giving flashing evidence that his most dangerous mood was upon him.

"I did, your majesty," said Vaksel, who, however his heart may have fluttered, managed to preserve outwardly an unruffled calm, together with an expression of innocent surprise. "It was crooked, your majesty," he added, in a confidential undertone. "I straightened it for fear the younger officers should see."

Paul's countenance cleared at once. He stared fixedly, however, at Vaksel's innocent looking face for some seconds. Vaksel admitted afterward that this was the trying moment, and he had said to himself, "If I waver, I'm lost!" Then the czar spoke, and spoke so that all might hear.

"I thank you, colonel," he said.

If ever a step in rank was gained by the purest effrontery it was so acquired on this occasion, and Vaksel left the field, not only promoted to a coveted position in the guards, but richer by many hundred rubles as the result of his wager.—Temple Bar.

TO MAINTAIN A PRINCIPLE.

A Quaker Firm That Sacrifices Hundreds of Thousands a Year.

There is probably not another business firm in the United States, or, for that matter, in any other country in the world, that annually sacrifices hundreds of thousands of dollars of trade simply to maintain a principle, as Whitall, Tatum & Co., the Quaker glass manufacturers of Philadelphia, do and have done for nearly 75 years.

The firm was established in the early part of the century, and its founders were strict and consistent members of the Society of Friends. They did not believe in war, nor in litigation, nor in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, and they established a rule which has never been violated.

Whitall, Tatum & Co. have never made a whisky flask, nor any sort or description of bottle intended to contain either malt, vinous or spirituous liquors. This includes the small vials called "samples," which are similar to those made to display samples of illuminating and lubricating oils. Should an intending purchaser ask for oil "samples" and say they were to be used for whisky, he could not buy them at any price.

The army and navy departments of the United States have sought several times to buy glassware from the firm, but the patronage has invariably been refused on the ground that the furnishing of any sort of supply for the aid or comfort of persons engaged in war or maintaining peace by force of arms was contrary to the tenets of the Society of Friends, and therefore could not be considered. The senior member of the firm, recently deceased, was a typical Quaker—a man of brawn and brain, and at 65 was in as fine a physical condition as most men who have led a temperate life are at 40. Grief over the untimely death of his son, a young man of great promise, was the primary cause of Mr. Whitall's death.—New York Mail and Express.

Very Confusing.

An "underground" train from Whitechapel was trundling along through the City one dark and foggy day. An old Irish lady was a passenger, who was evidently moving her "home," tied up in a ragged old apron, from an eastern to a western "doss house." "How far will Oi have to go wid this?" she asked of a fellow passenger, thrusting her ticket in his face. The affable man put on his spectacles. "Latimer road, ma'am! Seven stations farther on." The old lady grunted incredulously. Some minutes passed, during which the old lady mused or dozed and took no thought of stoppages. Then she roused herself and addressed the same question to another passenger. "Four stations on," muttered this one briefly. The Irish dame smiled bitterly, but kept her own counsel for awhile. Then she suddenly turned upon a traveler of her own sex. "Now will yez tell me, ma'am, how far am Oi from this station?" "It's the next station of all," said the other smilingly. The Irish woman cast around a glance of indignant scorn. "An which of yez am Oi to believe? Sure ye all tell a different tale!"—Household Words.

Alexis Piron.

Alexis Piron, a native of Dijon, is perhaps most notorious for his epitaph, "Here lies Piron, who was nothing—not even an academician." One night he was asked at a party if he could tell the difference between a woman and a mirror. "A woman," he replied, "talks without reflecting; a mirror reflects without talking." Upon this a lady asked, "Can you now, M. Piron, tell me the difference between a man and a mirror?" And, as Piron remained silent, she went on, "A mirror is always polished, while a man sometimes is not."

ANTHRACITE COAL SUPPLY.

According to Recent Estimates, It Will Run Out In a Hundred Years.

The Bond Record has been making a careful investigation of the anthracite coal industry. No expense has been spared to obtain correct information, so that those interested in the coal carrying railroads and other companies owning or leasing coal lands may be able to judge of the present prospective values of their properties. Eleven corporations control 96 per cent of the available coal supply.

According to the summarized estimate of The Bond Record, in 109 years, on the basis of shipments made in 1895, the supply of anthracite coal will be exhausted. The largest proportion of the annual increase of tonnage has been furnished by the Wyoming region. In 1894 Lehigh and Schuylkill furnished 45 per cent and Wyoming 50 per cent of the year's output, but the Wyoming region is nearing the point of maximum output and increase of tonnage is likely soon to diminish. The present annual capacity of the anthracite region is about 67,000,000 tons, or about 21,000,000 tons in excess of annual consumption. It is therefore clear that production should be reduced, as the oversupply prostrates the market and at the same time encourages waste in the world. Unless the gross mismanagement and criminal wastefulness that have characterized the anthracite industry for the past few years are stopped they will result in the ruin of the great properties engaged in the mining and transportation of coal.

Could the various interests involved co-operate and limit the production of the mines to meet the requirements of the market, at fair prices, before many years, with the increasing consumption, the demand would equal production, there would be an end to the present demoralized markets and those who have invested their savings in the stocks and bonds of these anthracite properties would eventually get back their investment with interest.

But the great fact which this publication of The Bond Record discloses is the brief period of time which we can depend upon the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania to supply us with heat and power. Its place will have to be supplied by some other element, and there is none in sight so admirably adapted for the purpose. The supply of bituminous coal is practically exhaustless, but this greasy, sooty, dirty fuel is a resource from which our generation ought to be profoundly thankful it is spared.

SHE WAS SHY ONE TURK.

Protest of an Audience Against Bernhardt's Loss of a Servant.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entree accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrases. Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in this house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?" The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madam, you are shy one Turk."—New York Evening Sun.

Capture of a Slave Caravan.

Baron von Eltz, the German commissioner, made a plucky attack on a slave caravan on Nov. 21. For several days he had heard of a big caravan on its way to the coast from Mlozi's stronghold. He had native allies as spies all over the country bringing him in news of the movements and whereabouts of the caravan. At last they were camped in between two large native villages, allies of the Germans. Von Eltz immediately dispatched messengers to the chiefs of the two villages, telling them to stay the caravan from passing through their territory—either to advance or retreat. The caravan was over 700 strong. There were 7 owners of ivory and 53 owners of slaves, and a host of slaves and some followers. When Von Eltz had the caravan blocked, he embarked in his boat, proceeded posthaste to the spot, at once surrounded the whole caravan with native allies and compelled all to march down to his station at Parambira. He had only five Zanzibari soldiers, a noncommissioned officer, a few native recruits bearing rifles and a host of native allies, but without firing a shot he captured the caravan.—Diary of the Late E. J. Glave in Century.

Annoying.

"Isn't it awfully annoying to be near-sighted?" asked the man who delights in personal questions.

"If you had waited as I have," answered the afflicted one, "nearly ten minutes for a blamed little lightning bug to get by, under the impression that it was a bicycle beginner coming down the street, you would know that it was annoying."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Of what use is genius if the organ is too convex or concave and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life?—Emerson.

Many chronological authorities date from the foundation of the world, but the widest possible diversity exists as to when this event occurred.

Seasickness, a Mechanical Remedy.

None of the "remedies" discovered for seasickness in the past has been very effectual. Mr. Thomas Moy now writes suggesting something new in this way. Some years ago, when crossing the Irish channel on board a passenger steamer, with a very rough sea, it occurred to him that as the motions of the vessel produced seasickness it might be possible to so utilize such motions as to prevent that disagreeable malady. The vessel has three kinds of motions, a rising and falling motion of the entire vessel, an oscillatory motion longitudinally about its center of gravity and a transverse rolling motion. Mr. Moy treated the longitudinal motions as having a tendency to drive matter, centrifugally, toward the head and stern and the rolling motions as having a similar tendency to drive matter outward from the center of such motions.

Now for details. "The entrance to the stomach," says Mr. Moy, "is on the left side of the body, the esophagus end, and the exit is on the right side, the pyloric orifice, and my experiment consisted in utilizing the longitudinal motions so as to keep the food in the stomach and utilizing the rolling motions so as to assist the natural operations of the esophagus in propelling the food toward the pyloric orifice. This I effected by selecting a couch arranged in a line with the keel, lying with my head toward the engine room and lying upon my left side." The experiment, Mr. Moy adds, was entirely successful, and he has always adopted it in rough seas when a suitable berth could be obtained. It would be interesting to know whether any one else has tried the remedy, and, if so, with what result.—Westminster Gazette.

Optician and Oculist.

The London Lancet has taken up the subject of the proper relation that should exist between the optician and the eye doctor. It is precisely because the advances of our knowledge during the last few years have lifted the whole matter into the professional sphere, says this journal, that it behooves opticians to be chary of prescribing glasses, however competent they may be to determine the precise lens or combination of lenses required. Even in this respect there are limitations to their powers, for the optician would not be justified in employing atropine, without the use of which in many cases the appropriate glasses cannot be ascertained. Ophthalmic surgeons have reason to be grateful to the opticians for the beauty and perfection of the lens they supply and for many useful suggestions they have made in regard to mounting, and we are sure that in the long run those opticians will thrive best who will devote their energies to the resources of their art. Though they may be thoroughly competent to deal with the physical aspect of the question, additional and special medical knowledge is required to determine whether it is advisable to adopt these very measures which, from a physical point of view, leave nothing to be desired.

A Canard.

"What is the origin of the expression 'a canard' (literally a duck) when a wonderful story that has no foundation in fact is meant? Even Frenchmen cannot say. It is now claimed that the honor of the invention belongs to M. Cornelissen, a member of the academy of Brussels. He had noticed some wonderful 'yarns' in the daily paper to which he subscribed, and in order to satirize the writers he sent in one himself as a joke. It was about a pretended experiment with 25 ducks, as it tended to show that ducks are cannibals. He had, he said, killed the ducks one by one and fed the survivors exclusively on the body, and in course of time there remained but 1 duck of the whole 25. This last of the ducks was said to have had a post mortem examination made of its body, when it was found to be suffering from certain internal injuries, as the supposed consequences of its strange diet. The paragraph, which the writer never expected to see in print, was published and sent the rounds. It got to America, whence it was constantly coming back, and the phrase, 'It is another canard,' or duck, became common in newspaper offices."—London Tablet.

The Sorrows of a Collector.

One of the brightest men in town—a man you'd swear came from some cultured center of the east if his name didn't specifically assert precisely the opposite—has the Robert Louis Stevenson mania in its most aggravated form. Some little time ago a friend wrote him that he had procured for him, after unheard of exertions, a genuine Stevenson autograph. The news raised him into a seventh heaven of bliss and into the very top story of the heaven at that. Actually to have some exquisitely constructed sentence, some flash of immortal genius, some intimate expression of deepest thought from the master's pen, seemed too much to hope for. At length, however, the precious document came. The enthusiast unfolded it. It was a small slip of paper, on which were the magical words:

Please deliver to bearer $1.50.
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Still, it was a genuine autograph.—Washington Post.

Tarried Too Long.

As she rolled her wheel through the front doorway she was accosted by a smooth mannered person, who raised his hat politely when he began speaking.

"Madam," he said, "I am representing the Society For Clothing Discharged Criminals. At present we are in great need of garments of all sorts, but especially of trousers. Have you any old—any old"—

"Sir!" she exclaimed. "I am a single woman."

He smiled politely and seemed pleased that she should so confide in him, but waited patiently for her answer. This, it is said, is why she hit him over the head with her monkey wrench.—Chicago Tribune.

Society Directory.

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State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, James Regan.
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Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
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Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
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Vice President, William Martin.
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Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
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Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
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Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
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Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
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